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MAYFAIR

Vol.19 No.10

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN £1.00

THE GIRLS YOU'VE ASKED TO SEE

Hello Helle! -it's the girl from Telecom's TV ad

Beauty Queen Michelle: the nude who shocked Fareham

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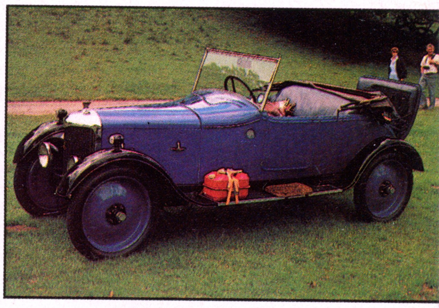

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Mayfair, vol.19, no.10 (Oct 1984)

Cover:

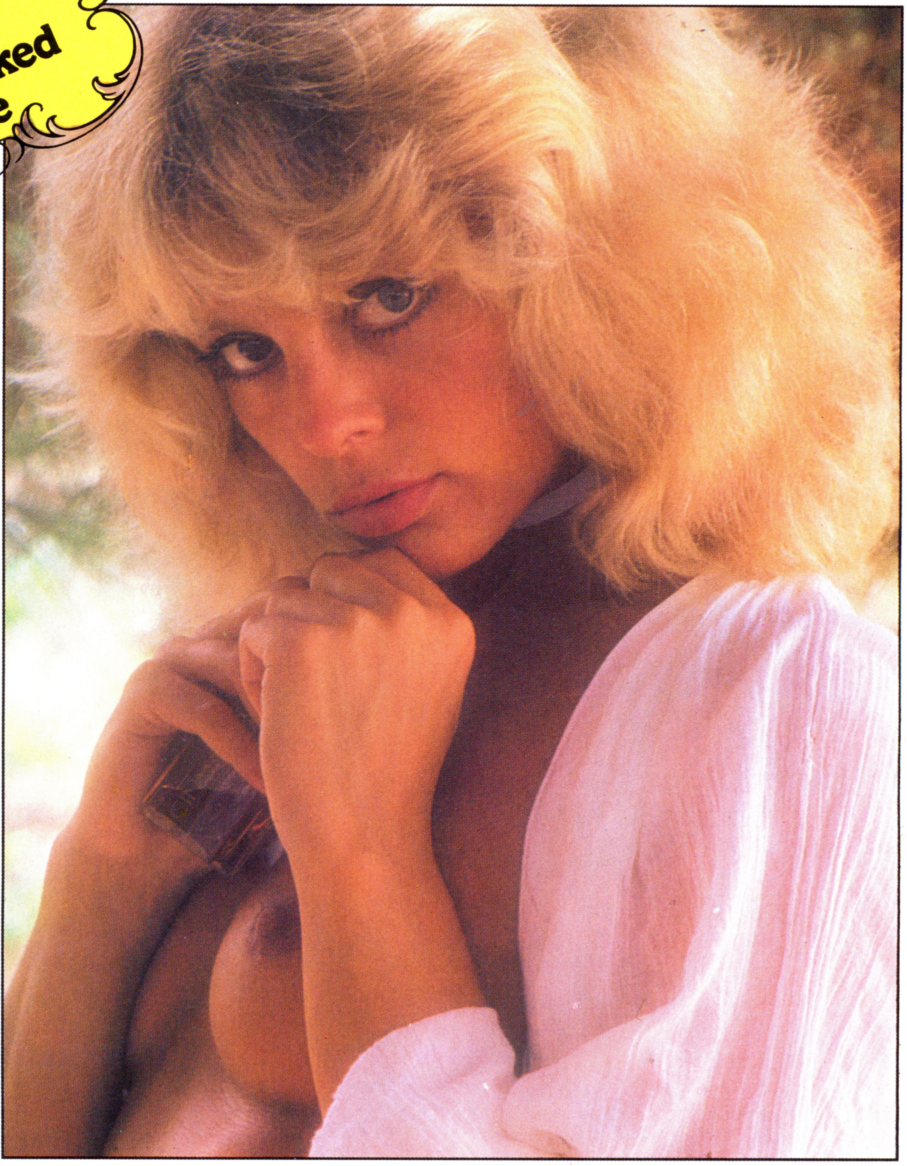
Cover model:

Post(s): | Poster:

Model(s):

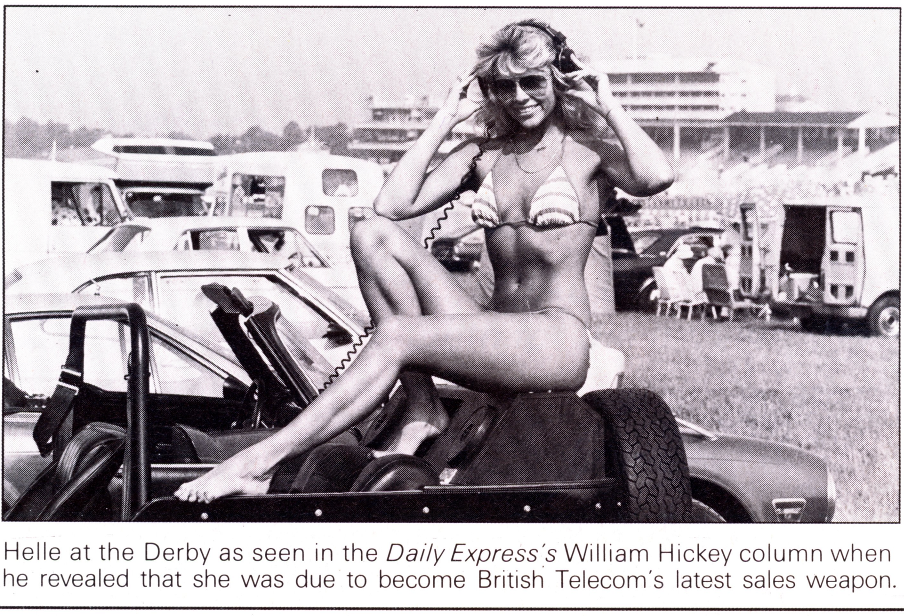
- Helle Kjaer
    1. post
- Helle Linnebjerg as Helena Blake
    1. post [partial, upper portion]
    2. post [partial]
- Lucinda Anderson
    1. post
- Michelle Sheppard as Michelle Shepherd
    1. post
- Shirley Hagan
    1. post [partial]
- Trine Michelsen as Catherine Stuart, GotM
    1. post

The girls you've asked to see



HELLE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE



Helle at the Derby as seen in the *Daily Express's* William Hickey column when he revealed that she was due to become British Telecom's latest sales weapon.

When *Mayfair* first featured 25-year-old Helle Kjaer on the cover and inside Vol 15 No 1, we were indundated with requests to reveal her again. We've granted those wishes a couple of times since then, but recently, the demands started flooding in anew. The reason? Helle's delightful 35-24-35 figure was appearing almost every night in a British Telecom television commercial.

Helle was the 'star' of Telecom's Inphone commercial, promoting their latest range of telephone designs. Dancers leapt around singing, 'I'm in with the Inphone,' whilst in the foreground, Helle could be seen whispering sexily into the receiver. 'We chose her for her obvious facial beauty,' commented a spokesman for Geers Gross, the agency who made the

advertisement. So successful has it been that there is a good chance the ads will be repeated this winter. Not that this is her advertising or TV debut. Helle's beauty has lent charm to products ranging from bikinis to shampoo, and demand for the Danish girl from Copenhagen continues to rise. So keep a look out for more of Helle on your television screens shortly.

In fact, Helle's advertising work keeps her so busy that she has now given up nude modelling – these pictures being taken in August 1982, and published in answer to your repeated requests. But there may be a chance to catch a glimpse of more than her frequent *Page Three* appearances have dared show us. Helle once admitted to enjoying nude waterski-ing in Spain and the south of France. So watch out for her next holiday time. The other place that she can be spotted is in London's *Tramp* disco. One way or another, British Telecom's Inphone girl keeps herself engaged.

Lucinda

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BASIL CRAWFORD-SMITH

If you happen to be walking down Windsor High Street, and decide to cross the road to take a closer look at the historic castle, then take care. Lucinda Anderson doesn't take kindly to pedestrians who meander across the road. Suddenly you'll hear a blast of *Colonel Bogey*, roar, and a streak of pale blue will pass before your eyes. And that may be all you see of the racy 18-year-old and her XR3. 'I do drive rather quickly,' admitted Lucinda, 'but I'm careful. I haven't hit anything – or anyone – yet. Mind you, I might have scared a few. And sometimes I swear I've seen the windows of the Royal bedrooms being shut as I go past.' But not all Lucinda's behaviour is outrageous, even if some of her dresses show rather more of her 34-23-34 figure than some of the older residents might consider decent. She can, in fact, be spotted quite often in the Great Park on her horse, looking perfectly demure in her full riding regalia.

'I'm a completely different person when I'm on Susie,' she said patting the grey mare. 'I find riding so relaxing, especially now I have given up competitions.' Lucinda used to be the star of the junior cross country. 'Not because I won,' she laughed, 'but because three years out of four I was pitched into the water jump, and had to finish the course soaked through.

Now though Lucinda is used to rather more than one horsepower, and if you don't spot her Escort on the street, chances are it's parked outside the *Bells of Ousley* pub in Old Windsor. Both the car and the horse were presents from her father, a successful stockbroker. Will Lucinda ever take to financial wheeling and dealing? 'Not me,' she said. 'I have enough trouble working out my petrol bills.'

Catherine

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
RANDALL SMALL

Aberdeen may be known as the 'Granite City', but these days it owes its reputation more to oil than stone. The North Sea's rich reserves have made it a wealthy city, and many of its residents have benefitted from its sudden rise in importance. One of them is 22-year-old Catherine Stuart. After leaving school she found a job with a firm that serves Britain's oil rigs, and is now personal secretary to one of the directors. But don't imagine it was just Catherine's 35-23-34 figure that won her that lofty position. Catherine's typing and shorthand were the best at her school, and her nine 'O' levels and two 'A' levels are ample evidence of brains behind her beauty.

Catherine divides her working hours between Aberdeen and the firm's London office. Naturally, this means a lot of travelling, and she is an almost permanent fixture on Wednesday's *Aberdonian*, the 10am train to Kings Cross. 'I'm one of several regular commuters,' she said. 'There's one really dishy guy with light brown hair and a moustache who always seems to be on it. I've been dying to chat to him, but I never seem to get a seat near enough. I hope he reads *Mayfair*, then he might recognise me, and buy me a drink.

When Catherine finally gets away from work, she likes to stay at home rather than dance the night away at Aberdeen's discos. 'They are full of oilmen anyway,' she claimed, 'and it's nice to forget that for a time.' Instead, Catherine is a talented amateur sculptress, and chisels away in her basement at her latest creation. 'I'm working on one of the dog at the moment,' she told us. 'Before that I did a full length sculpture of a previous boyfriend.' Is it a nude, we asked? 'Oh yes,' Catherine replied nonchalantly. 'I needed somewhere to hang my overall. Now if it had been the man on the train, I reckon there'd be room for my hat too.'

The girls you've asked to see

Miss Fareham

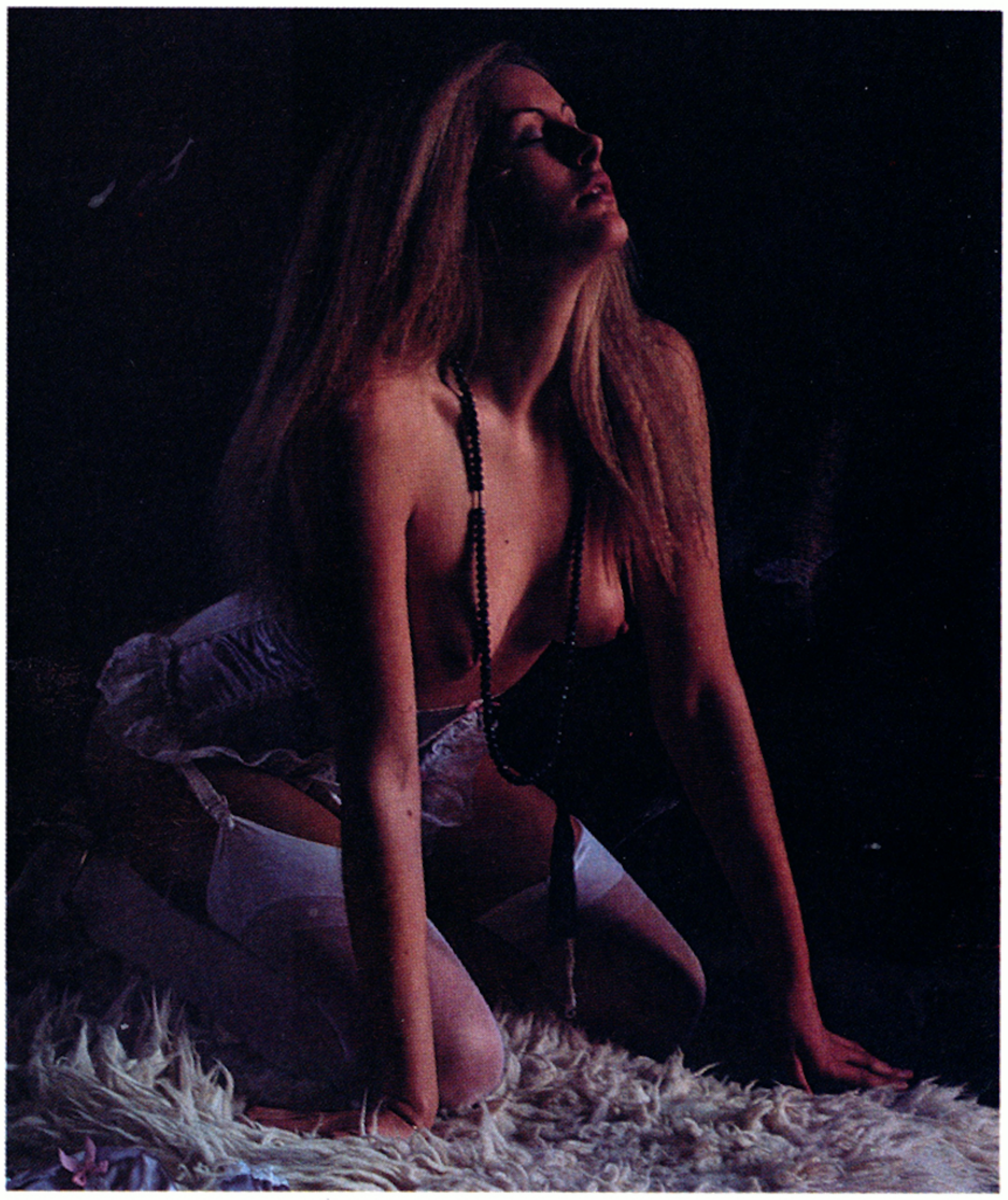
How beauty queen Michelle shocked the town

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BOB AYLOTT

Sexy Michelle Shepherd seems an ideal choice for a beauty queen – a leggy blonde with an eye-catching 34-24-34 figure. But when she was crowned Miss Fareham, the judges were left feeling rather embarrassed. For Michelle, 20, had posed nude for a saucy unofficial guide to Fareham and Gosport which had been banned in a legal wrangle after civic dignitaries condemned it as disgusting. 'The funny thing was I even had my photo taken sitting on the lap of Mayor Roger Price when I won the title.'

Top: Michelle as featured in the unofficial guide, and sitting on the Mayor's lap after winning the title.

'I thought it would be fun to enter the contest after they had banned the novelty booklet,' said Michelle, 'and the judges didn't recognise me. When they found out who I was they were shocked, but they decided to give me a chance, and I showed them I am a nice girl really.' Michelle has now finished her year as Miss Fareham, and enjoyed attending various functions. We tracked her down after readers wrote asking us to feature the girl from the guidebook. 'I was photographed at local places of interest for a bit of fun.'



A full-time model who also does exhibition and promotional work, Michelle was brought up in Chichester where she had an unhappy school career at Southborne Comprehensive. 'The girls used to get jealous, and accused me of pinching their boyfriends. Nobody would talk to me apart from the boys, but it made me tough.' A keen poet, she keeps her work under the bed, and doesn't show it to anyone. 'But one day I would like to have it published.' Michelle also paints in oils, country scenes and fantasy landscapes. She has a great interest in herbal lore, and studies books on curing various ailments with plants. 'I worried a friend once when I cured his conjunctivitis. I told him I'd used spiders and slugs in the recipe, but really it was only sage. And then I rubbed his eyes three times with a cat's tail, pretending it was magic.' Not surprisingly for someone of her mystical inclinations, Michelle has a firm belief in astrology. 'I get hectic when there is a full moon, and stay up all night.'

Helena

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JEAN ROUGERON

In the past we've often featured the type of girl most men would fall for. But when sexy 22-year-old Helena Blake made an appearance in Vol 18 No 6, it turned out she was a girl you could fall *with*. For she is a keen parachutist, and every weekend she hurls her 34-23-34 figure out of aeroplanes.

'I'm quite an expert at freefalling now,' Helena explained. 'It's an amazing feeling to be falling through the air, soaring like a bird. But it is a relief to pull the ripcord, and feel the parachute open out above you. Of course I pack my own chute, but there's always that moment of tension when you

wonder if it will open.' It is a handy pastime for sorting out would-be boyfriends, Helena has discovered. 'If a guy asks me out I say OK, let's go parachuting. Needless to say not many of them take me up on the offer. Perhaps they would if they knew how excited it makes me. I'm always raring to go.'

Helena is still living in Stratford-on-Avon, and working as a filing clerk. 'My boss didn't know about my sky-diving activities until one of the girls brought in her husband's copy of *Mayfair* which featured me. I didn't know how he'd react, but he seemed very pleased, and though I had to take some teasing I am now the official company pin-up.' While Helena enjoys her photo-sessions for *Mayfair*, we couldn't persuade her to do a nude jump. 'Oh no, it is much too cold.'

Shirley

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID WISE

If you have been to Pakistan lately you might have seen Shirley Hagan on TV out there, eating sweets in Trafalgar Square. For 22-year-old Shirley was chosen to appear in a TV commercial for a brand of sweets. It was shot in London by a Pakistani film crew. 'I was chosen through an agency, and had to smile and eat a lot of sweets, but I've never seen the ad, much as I'd like to.'

We are lucky to be able to reveal Shirley's trim 34-23-34 figure as she is usually to be found on the other side of the camera. 'I am a photographer's assistant, which means I help with the make-up, and am general dogsbody and chief coffee maker. But one day I would like to try taking glamour shots myself.' Shirley, who lives in West London, took a secretarial course at Uxbridge, and temped for two years before becoming involved with photography. In her spare time she tries to get out to the countryside as often as possible. 'I fancy myself as having green fingers, and enjoy gardening, but the flowers always spring up in the wrong place. And I hate lawn-mowing, I must confess.'

SCENE

Mayfair is even more popular in Britain. That was the good news from the Audit Bureau of Circulation recently. Our home sales figures have increased by an incredible 20,000 copies to a total of 191,617 per month in this country alone. ABC is an independant body, and their new total figure of 341,273 copies sold worldwide per month proves that *Mayfair* is still Britain's leading men's magazine.

The *Girl You've Asked to See* this month is Scandinavian beauty Helle Kjaer. We knew you'd enjoy seeing this arousing set by photographer Donald Milne, starting on page 15, especially since Helle is now so busy that she no longer does nude work. As many readers have written in to remind us, the 25-year-old Dane is a common sight on television these days as she 'stars' in the British Telecom Inphone advertisement. Dressed in a skimpy leotard, she is seen whispering into the receiver of the phone, with other girls singing and dancing behind her. The 40 second epic took two days to film, and Helle is still receiving offers of other TV jobs on the strength of it. However, whilst Telecom were happy to replace Buzby with a bird of a much more attractive kind, they were less pleased when we suddenly started to take an interest in their new star. No, they wouldn't let us have a still picture from the ad to illustrate our feature on Helle. They'd had enough problems when newspapers like *The Sun* and the *Express* pointed out that their new 'Buzby babe' was also a topless model, they told us. Of course, we recognise the dilemma of a publicity department wanting maximum exposure of their product but not of their star. And they did tell us that there is a good chance that she will be on our screens again soon. So keep a look-out.

We are always happy to receive news of the girls who have appeared in *Mayfair*, especially when they are adventurous as Louise Freeman. Louise first appeared in Vol 18 No 2 when she was 16 and just married – her husband giving his full permission. Then we featured her again in Vol 19 No 7 as one of the *Girls You've Asked to See*. When we spoke to her just before the first set appeared, she told us that she and her husband were leaving their Surrey home to tour the world in a VW camper. And in the story accompanying the later set, we wondered just how far she had got. Now we know. Photographer Viv Thomas met up with Louise in Johannesburg, South Africa, and sent us news of her journeys so far. The couple spent 12 months reaching Jo-burg, visiting numerous countries with a two or three week stop-over in each. Their first stop was Spain where Louise did some photographic modelling, then they visited France and Switzerland. Next they moved to Greece where they took to orange-picking, before arriving in Kenya where Louise was shot for the Smirnoff calendar. In Swaziland, Louise did some more calendar work, then they headed south. As we go to press, Louise and her husband are said to be lying on the banks of Lake Malawi where they swim, fish, and sunbathe without a soul to disturb them. It sounds simply idyllic.

Few of the Mayfair staff were believers in re-incarnation until we discovered a book by Brian Braithewaite and Joan Barrell. *The Business of Women's Magazines* looks at the history of many publications, and reveals in its chapter on the fifties, that a magazine called *Mayfair* existed as long ago as 1946. It was the fore-runner of *Vanity Fair* and was described as a 'fashion magazine for the shorthand typist'. It survived until 1950, showing just what clothes the attractive young lady should wear. For nearly twenty years, we have been persuading them to discard them again, with somewhat greater success.

We'll send you our ladies

Take out a year's subscription to *Mayfair*, and a world of beautiful girls will be delivered to your home. You will receive *Mayfair* every month, discreetly wrapped, before it goes on sale to the public. And at just £17.50 for a subscription, you can avoid any price increases, a real plus in these days of rising costs and postal charges. It also includes the higher-priced Christmas edition. Don't delay, send off now.

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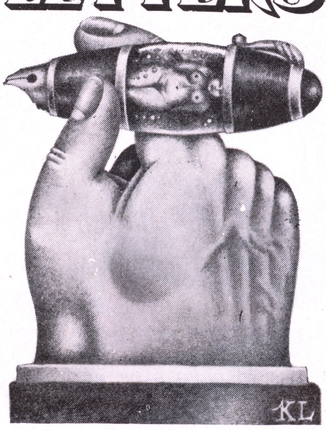
LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

The last few issues of *Mayfair* have been of particular interest to me as they have included features on Hill's Angels, and letters showing keen interest amongst readers in these girls' performances on *The Benny Hill Show*.

In one recent issue I was particularly delighted to find a little black and white photo of Hill's Angels because it marked the first appearance in *Mayfair* of my great favourite, Sue Upton.

I hope that this minute appearance will lead to better things. Please do your best to feature her soon. She would, I believe, grace your pages very nicely, as she has a unique gift for striking saucy poses, well-demonstrated in *The Benny Hill Show*. I'm confident she would prove to be a popular choice.

MK, Ireland

Twenty-seven-year-old Sue Upton was born and bred in Romford, Essex, and has been on The Benny Hill Show *for nine years. Six years ago she became the first Hills Angel, dancing and appearing in sketches. As well as the traditional stockings and suspender costumes that are practically a uniform on Benny's show, she has also appeared as a schoolgirl, policewoman, an old lady and even an old man. Her 34-23-35 figure can also be spotted modelling underwear and in mail order catalogues. Sue told us that she loves doing the show and working with Benny, even though it can be surprisingly hard work.*

As a native Londoner, I have always regarded the underground system as a necessary evil, something which is convenient, but a far from pleasant experience. Recently, however, I was given a treat in the depths of Leicester Square tube station which has changed my mind.

It happened quite late one evening, so there weren't many people around to share the experience, I'm happy to say. I was waiting for the Piccadilly line train back to Hammersmith when a tall dark-haired girl came and stood near me on the platform. She was Italian-looking with a fantastic slim figure. But what caught my eye was her dress – it was white cotton, very full and virtually see-through.

I was standing next to her, trying not to stare too obviously as I debated with myself as to whether she was wearing any underwear. I couldn't see the outline of any knickers through the dress, but female clothing is so fiendishly designed these days that one never knows.

Just then the tube came out of the tunnel into the station, accompanied by the usual gust of wind. As I turned for a last look at the girl my eyes nearly popped out of my head. The gust of wind had sent the dress billowing into the air, rather like Marilyn Monroe's did in that classic scene from *The Seven Year Itch*. Not only was I given a lightning glimpse of a pair of shapely long brown legs, but the dark bush which all too briefly hove into view was all the proof I needed that she wasn't wearing knickers after all.

A slight expression of annoyance crossed the girl's face as she quickly brushed the dress back into place, and stepped on board the tube. I was so stunned I was still rooted to the spot, missed it, and had to wait another fifteen minutes. But it was worth every minute, and now I am positively eager when I have to use the underground.

S P, Hammersmith

Congratulations on the series *Girls You've Asked to See*. It's great seeing top models in their full naked glory. You must be inundated with requests, but please grant mine. I would love a third visitation from that angel Marina.

I fell in love with her when I first saw her in Vol 17 No 12, and again in Vol 18 No 11. I think she is the most beautiful girl ever to appear in *Mayfair*. Please can we see more of her?

S W, Slough

We've asked photographer Michael Ancher, and he's promised to persuade her to pose for another set soon.

I often wonder what age-range the readership of *Mayfair* covers, and also at what stage of a man's life does sexual appreciation disappear. I would like to relate a recent experience of mine which might bring hope to more mature readers.

For the whole story one has to go back to an evening in 1944 on the RAF Mess dance-floor in Heliopolis in Egypt. It was hot even for that part of the world that particular night, and no-one was wearing very much in the way of clothing. So I was very conscious of the prominent mound of venus which was applying a firm circular motion about my private parts as I danced the last waltz with a tall, slender, attractive brunette. No doubt she was equally aware of the rapid change she was causing in that particular part of my anatomy. It was our third dance together that evening, and I had discovered that she was 18, a product of the English Gezira set, and married to an RAF Pilot-Officer who was up in the Western Desert.

When the dance ended at 1am, what could be more natural than to be asked by Jane (name changed) to escort her over the rather barren 300 yards betwen the aerodrome gate and the block of flats occupied by the junior married officers. It was a short walk, but I was aware, every step of the way, of the pressure of a firm young breast against my bare arm, so when we arrived I was only too happy to agree to step intside to check for intruders. The full body collision in the dimly-lit hall might have been accidental, and the pair of slim arms around my neck might have been to prevent a fall, but the moist lips on mine, and the darting tongue that followed could only mean one thing.

Events moved quickly, and I discovered that my dance-floor estimate was correct – there was only the briefest pair of briefs under that evening dress, hardly concealing the dark patch of hair covering that mobile mound.

Jane might have been just 18, but she was still sufficiently experienced to sense immediately that this was to be my very first time. Practised fingers stroked my erection as she drew me towards the broad expanse of the bed. Instinctively she released by penis just in time. Then, to my surprise,

turn to page 14

LETTERS

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instead of lying back herself, as per my text book, she twisted and pushed me down onto the bed, firmly placing her hands on my shoulders. I caught a brief glimpse of the patch of dark hair between her legs as she straddled my loins.

Without any thought my hand moved upwards to caress Jane at that dark spot, feeling for the first time, at 19, the soft, warm moistness of a female pussy. With a brisk 'there's no need', Jane replaced my hand with the equally moist tip of my penis, now firmly held in her hand. Gently she moved it up and down her crevice before, locating at the lips of her pussy, she pressed herself downwards so that my whole length slid inside her. Once again I felt that circular motion which seemed to draw my whole sense of feeling to that point of contact between pussy and penis.

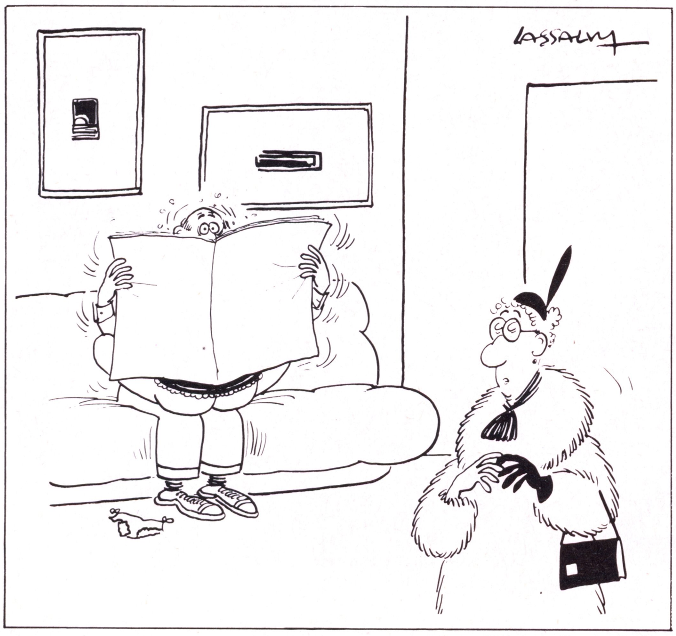
It couldn't last long, and didn't, before I ejaculated as though I would never stop. I shall never know whether or not Jane climaxed since, clutched firmly by her arms and legs, I drifted into sleep.

It seemed only minutes before I felt cool fingers stroking my penis which, at 19, needed little persuasion before coming to attention. This time I needed no prompting. Feeling for Jane, I moved to turn her onto her back, only to be met with resistance. This time she moved onto her tummy, and at the same time manipulated me onto her back. Her bottom arched upwards so that the tip of my ready penis nestled against her pussy. Simultaneously she grabbed my hand, and placed it underneath her to rest on her mound.

I got the message, pressing my penis into her now well-moistened pussy whilst gently caressing her prominent clitoris. This time I could hold back, concentrating on moving in and out of her in time to the stroking of her clitoris. It was apparent that Jane herself was reacting vigorously, and she climazed more than once before I came. Once again I drifted into sleep.

I awoke to a gentle shaking of my shoulder, and forcing my eyes open I looked up at the most marvellous sight possible – Jane, naked as the day she was born, standing by the bed with a cup of coffee in her hand. 'Hurry,' she said. 'It's 5.30, we haven't much time before you have to go back to camp.' As I gulped down the brew, Jane casually lifted her leg onto the bed, presenting me with a full view of her pussy nestling amidst its frame of dark hair. Looking down at the startling effect she was having on my penis, she lent forward to take the cup from my hand then, kissing me on the lips, stroked my erection with approval. There was no resistance this time as I turned her on her back, and no foreplay was necessary as I moved between her open legs to slide my now-experienced penis to its full length into her receptive pussy.

This time we took it slowly, enjoying every smooth penetration and withdrawal. Miraculously we climaxed together in a cloud of heightened sensitivity which lasted me through my walk back to the aerodrome.



I saw Jane in the mess on a number of occasions after that, each time in the company of her husband. Never a sign of recognition did she give me, so I left Heliopolis a few weeks later without exchanging another word.

The story might have ended there, just another wartime memory, if I hadn't decided, in the spring of this year, to go on a coach tour of European capitals. My wife decided she'd prefer to spend the two weeks with her sister in the south of England, so early April found me alone in the foyer of the hotel in Liverpool, waiting to meet the rest of the party. Sitting across from me I noticed a slim, grey-haired and still attractive lady who seemed to glance in my direction from time to time. But before I could confirm the impression the courier arrived to shepherd us to our waiting coach.

The party was quite small, so I had no trouble in taking a seat on my own so that I could snooze away the monotonous motorway miles. I was ready for a cuppa when the coach pulled into the Watford Gap service area, so I was the first off the coach and into the cafeteria. With my drink I found an empty table by the window. I had only just opened my newspaper when I heard a soft voice behind me, saying, 'I noticed that you are also travelling alone, do you mind if I join you?' Turning my head, I saw that it was my lady of the hotel foyer. Taking my smile as an invitation, she sat down opposite me. Both leaning forward, we simultaneously opened our mouths to speak, stopped, gazed wide-eyed at each other, then in unison said, 'Heliopolis, 1944.' Yes, it was Jane.

For the remainder of the journey to Dover we travelled side by side, and I learned Jane had lost her husband some 15 months previously, after a lengthy illness. They had had no children, and this tour was her first attempt to return to normal living. I told her that I was still married but, and it seemed natural to tell her, my wife and I had drifted apart since her hysterectomy some six years previously.

On the boat to Ostend Jane confessed to a fear of the sea, so it seemed quite natural for me to hold her hand, and to continue to do so for most of the journey on the coach to the hotel outside Brussels.

Shortly before reaching our hotel for the night, the courier, a young German girl, came along to distribute cards indicating the number of our bedrooms. Jane, who appeared to be fluent in German, French, Italian and Spanish, spoke to the girl in her own language. Whatever was said brought a smile to the face of the girl.

When we arrived at the hotel I lost Jane in the crowded foyer, so I took the lift up to my room. Unlike many continental single rooms it was luxurious with a door leading to a large bathroom on the right, and another locked door on the left. It was too late to worry about what had happened to Jane, and as I was tired I decided on a quick shower and bed. A little later, as I was putting on my pyjamas, there came a knock on the door on the left, followed by the sound of a key turning. The door opened to reveal Jane. Reveal was the correct word, because the bright light shining from her bedroom through her negligée showed up her body in outline, just as slim as I remembered it. 'Would you care for some hot chocolate,' asked Jane. 'I've just made some.' In the circumstances who would have refused? So there we were, a little later, sitting up in Jane's bed drinking our chocolate and reliving in words the events of 40 years back.

It was sufficient that night, given our tiredness and a shyness which comes with maturity, for us to go to sleep clasped in each others' arms. But as we travelled on through Europe, Jane, with the skill she had displayed to awaken me 40 years previously, ensured that we relived, in quality if not in quantity, that first night back in Heliopolis. We seemed determined to make up for Jane's three, and my six sexless years. And it hasn't ended yet. For the distance from my home to Liverpool makes visiting easy, and my work takes me away from home practically every week, with Liverpool a convenient stopping off point. So, young lovers, don't rush it. There's a whole lifetime ahead.

Ex-Raf, Gwynedd, Wales

For nearly two years now my family has been friends with a neighbouring family, and we often go on holiday together. I

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LETTERS

I have frequently said that I would not change places with anyone on this planet, and without the shadow of a doubt I am usually the most un-envious man in the world. But now, having perused Vol 19 No 7, I have suddenly found myself suffering the unfamiliar sensation of insatiable, bright green envy for two people – the fiancé of Lynn Taylor, and Louise Freeman's husband.

My dear wife and myself are a little older than either of these two charming ladies, and my envy comes not because they are lovelier than my lady nor, despite a little ageing, do they have better figures. It is because through the pages of *Mayfair* their fiancé and husband can display their ladies' obvious charms to the whole world.

Were it possible when my wife and I married I, too, would most happily have given every encouragement to her in a cause so noble as pleasing, encouraging and titillating so many gentlemen.

Although my wife has not been

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LETTERS

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privileged to be able to display her naked charms to the many thousands your publication reaches, she has been lucky enough, in the cause of true friendship, to show them to a modest number of discerning and deserving young men for their approbation.

Strangely enough, every single one of these men has fallen into the category of those lustful bounders who are unable to appreciate beauty for what it is, but have expressed themselves by doing quite rude things to my darling wife's body . . . we are pleased to say!

(Name and address withheld)

As a female reader, I would like to tell others of a recent enjoyable experience. My office friend Liz (name changed) is 23, and regards me as a kind of guru as I am three years older and more experienced in office and general matters. So we often discuss not only business but also highly intimate questions.

She had married six months previously, and until recently her happiness was unconfined. Then she told me of one shadow. Her husband, Dave (name changed), wanted her to suck him. His previous girlfriend had done that, and he loved it. But she had deserted him to marry a rich man, and that had given Liz her chance. But Dave longed for his previous delights, and Liz told me she had a block against it, and couldn't do it.

I was surprised. 'I love it,' I said. 'It is one of my greatest sexual pleasures. I love the feeling of power it gives me over a man. When a man makes love normally he can, if he fancies teasing, withdraw suddenly. But once his shaft is in my mouth he is the captive of my teeth, and I can do with him what I will.

'I have fellated well over a dozen men. I enjoy appreciating the difference of their pricks with my lips and tongue. Some are short, some are long, they can be fat or slim. And then there is their reaction to my caresses. First they may be as hard as steel. Then they start to tremble and convulse. They shudder until they can control themselves no longer, and then they spurt.' Then I added with a laugh, 'I do fancy your Dave, and wouldn't mind taking him between my lips.'

A few days later Liz told me she had reported our conversation to her husband. If I really meant it, he would love to take me up on my offer. She would be present, naked, as evidence that she was in full support.

Within 24 hours they were both round my flat, and Dave undressed himself and Liz. Then he took off my clothing more ceremoniously, flattering me about my chic underwear, and about the bushy black exclamation mark coming into view when he pulled down my knickers. He kissed my nipples to turn me on, then lay down on the bed.

I knelt over him, and enclosed his dick with my lips. It was short but delicious. The feeling was sensational. There I was with the tail of a wonderful man my willing prisoner. When he could hold back no longer, his staff began to quiver, fell into spasms, and exploded.

Instead of feeling jealous, Liz was blissfully content that she had been able to arrange the fulfilment of Dave's wish. When I met her the next day she was even more enthusiastic. 'Imagine,' she said. 'When we got home and he had recovered his strength, he fucked me more wonderfully than ever.' We now have our triangular sessions every week.

Miss M J, London

I now realise that the saying 'patience is a virtue' is very apt as far as I am concerned. For nearly ten years my wife, two children, and myself have been close friends of our neighbours, a husband, wife and one daughter.

The daughter is called Sue (name changed), and when I had my first encounter with her she was 16, and I was in my middle-thirties. That was three years ago. She was staying with us for a couple of nights as both her parents had been called away on personal business. My two children, who are younger than Sue, were going on a school trip on one of the days, and my wife had taken them to school early before going straight to work. Sue was still asleep as she did not have to go to school that day.

At about nine o'clock Sue came down and asked if she could use our phone. I said yes, and while she made the call I sat opposite

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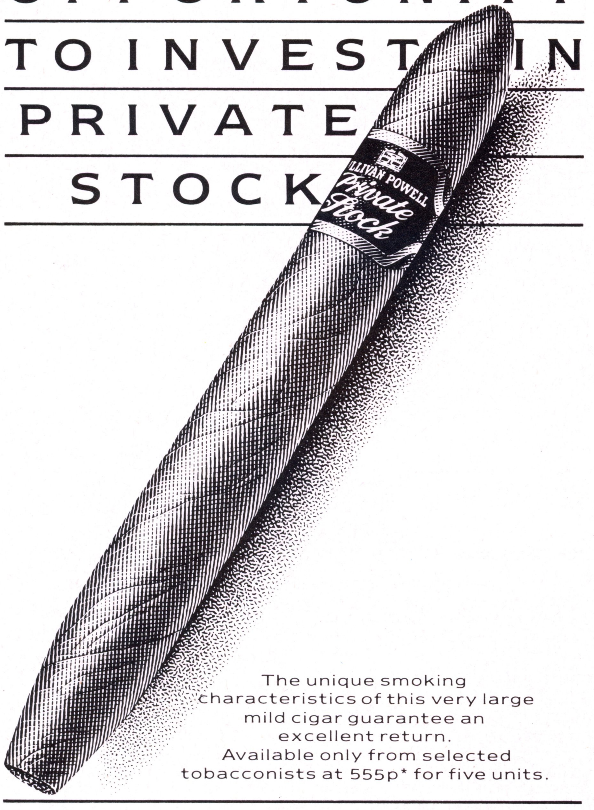

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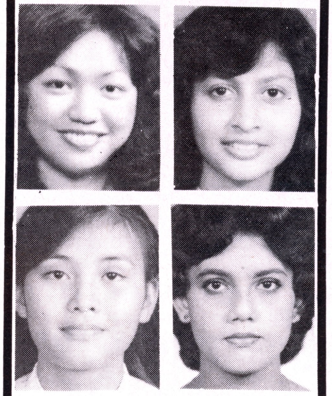

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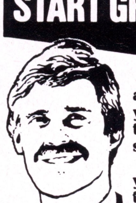

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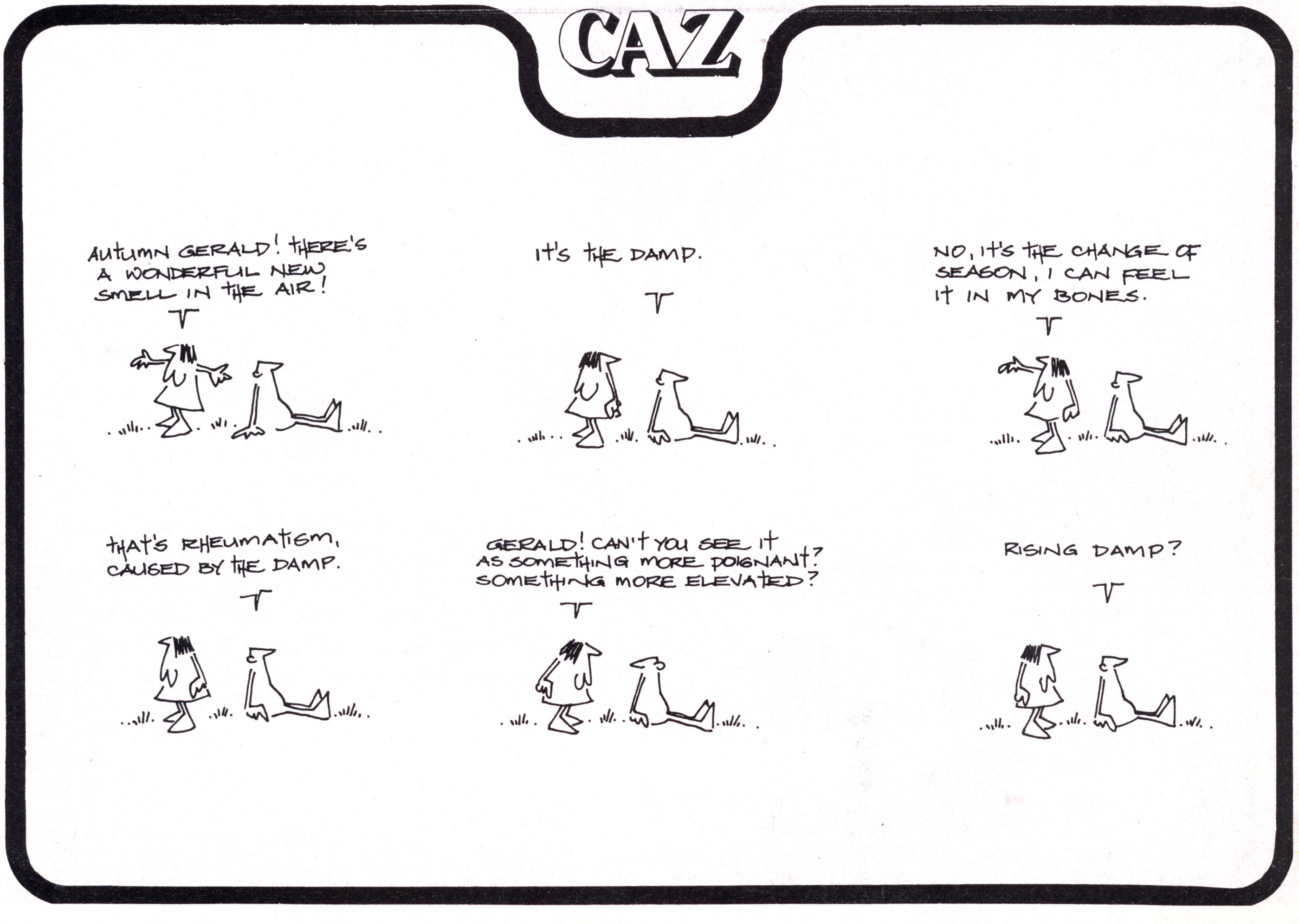
LETTERS

Several months ago I was helping my sister's friend move into her new flat. Pauline (name changed) is a slim, pretty girl of 18 who had originally struck me as being rather silly.
My sister had gone home, and I offered to stay and help clear up. We were struggling with some furniture when she suddenly asked me what I would like to do to her, given the chance. After the initial shock I told her to come over to the sofa. I sat on the arm, unbuckled my trousers, and told Pauline to kneel before me. She slid my pants down my thighs, and I guided my erect cock into her willing mouth. Pauline closed her eyes, and sighed with pleasure as she worked her mouth and tongue on me with all the skill and confidence of a woman twice her age. At first I was fondling her boobs and neck, then with one hand grasping her long hair. I climaxed.
I then told Pauline it was her turn, and she eagerly moved onto the sofa. I slid my hands up her thighs, pushing up her dress and kissing her exposed white thighs. I planted a kiss on her soaking knickers before easing them down. Not able to contain myself any longer, I thrust my face into her, licking and sucking until she was bucking like a rodeo rider before sinking back exhausted.
Over the next few days we made love in a number of ways, and I was extremely sorry when the work of moving ended.
A E, Thame

Your feature on 'Our Four-Lettered Friend' in Vol 19 No 7 reminded me of a business trip which I made to Kuala Lumpur in Malaysia some years ago.
On my daily trip to the office we used to drive through the Chinese shopping area, and inevitably stopped at a set of traffic lights which were conveniently placed outside a tailor's shop rejoicing under the name of Fook On. I often used to wonder, as we waited for the lights to change, whatever happened to the tailor's brother, Fook Off?
K M, Norwich

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ



'Times have changed, George. I can remember my grandad bringing me winkling here, and we used to be able to walk for miles without seeing a soul.'

I was lucky, they'd said in Moscow, being selected for such an assignment – to let a British girl agent pillow-talk me into an indiscretion, or be blackmailed with compromising pictures. It was a good plan, with little chance of it backfiring . . .

A Parcel for Mummy

Fiction by R P Teesdale

I called for her at eight o'clock, as arranged. She hadn't finished dressing, maybe because she wanted me to see how seductive she looked in her black lingerie: she was a natural tease, and liked arousing me.

She came to meet me, tall and cat-like with her model's walk, and kissed me hard, pressing close, making her impact.

I mixed her a cocktail, and poured myself a scotch. The bedroom was as untidy as ever, but I removed a stocking from the bed, and sat down. 'Who is going to be there?' I asked.

'At the reception? Oh, the usual crowd. All those Ministry wankers rabbiting on about hedge-hopping, and spilling beer down their Marks and Sparks woollies.'

'Frequency-hopping,' I said absent-mindedly, but she was engrossed with lace and buttons.

'And then we're going on to a party,' she said, slipping into a black dress with a deep decolleté. 'You'll be all right: there'll be lots of English rosebuds chasing after you.' I stood, and helped zip up her dress, enjoying her perfume.

'You know I only have eyes for you,' I said romantically, and kissed the nape of her neck: she backed her bottom into me, and wiggled it appreciatively. 'Go on like that,' she said, 'and I might show you Philip's mirrored bedroom: it's very sexy'.

'You're sure all his friends don't look on?' I

ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY PASTOR

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asked. 'I've heard about these two-way mirrors.'
'Would you mind, darling? I think we look beautiful, making love, and I rather like being watched.'
'You're a decadent exhibitionist,' I said, 'and extremely beautiful.'
'Darling man,' she murmured, 'just for that you may check that my cami-knicker buttons are fastened.'
The reception was already in full swing when we arrived, and I was hailed and dragged off to talk shop. I knew some of the delegates personally, others only by name or reputation. The seminar was about spread-spectrum techniques, a fast-moving area of communications concerned with extracting wanted signals from noise and interference. It has benefitted a great deal from Military research, and I suspect that most of us were concerned, one way or another, with electronic counter-measures.
We all read the same journals, applied the same disciplines, and implemented our designs with the same Intel and Motorola chips or their look-alikes. When the Bears and the Phantoms met over the Orkneys, and sang their complex electronic duets, it was we who wrote the melodies and counterpoint.
The reception petered out soon after nine: most of the locals were middle-aged family men who wanted to get home to the wife.
Fiona winkled me out of the last knot of earnest debaters, and we went on to the party, wedged in the back of a sports car, Fiona perched on my knee. Her skirt rode up as the car bounced through Bayswater on its hard suspension.
I was losing count of the number of parties, and had long since given up any hope of remembering names, but I did recognise some of them by now, the ones Fiona called the Rentaparty bunch. She was right; the girls flattered my ego, and, after a few drinks, they'd hint that they were available.
Some of them knew enough science to make in-jokes, and to cloak their sexy innuendoes in pseudo-scientific jargon, and one or two of them were brilliant. They could prove more alluring than the overtly sexy femme-fatale types: and much more dangerous.
Angie had a degree in computer science, and a mind like a scalpel. The evening before, she'd carried me off to chew over some Fast Fourier Transforms. 'Let's get away from the noise,' she'd said, 'this'll do,' and she'd led me into a bedroom, patted the bed beside her, and launched into a very impressive discourse. Then the conversation had broadened, we'd discovered many areas of common interest, and had moved on to women; women in science, women as intellectuals, and, of course, women as sex-objects. 'Naturally, I'm proud of my brain,' she'd said, 'but, logically, my IQ is just as much a genetic accident as my bust . . . '
She'd been playing with her shirt-buttons during the heat of the debate, and now they were mostly undone. Her bra was pure call-girl, a cantilevered invitation to lechery, and my hands went out like iron filings to a magnet. But, later on, taking advantage of my post-coital euphoria, she'd pillow-talked

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A Parcel for Mummy

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me into a minor indiscretion about pipeline speeds in our latest minicomputer.

The party was warming up: the older people were checking watches, considering baby-sitters and tomorrow's deadlines, and gradually the night was left to the young and un-attached. Lights were being dimmed or turned out, and quite soon the dancing-area was in almost complete darkness, and couples were scattering all over the house to find privacy.

I lost sight of Fiona for quite a long time, and, when she finally came and rescued me from an amorous blonde, she was high.

'You've been neglecting me, darling,' she said accusingly, 'and I'm feeling randy. Let's go upstairs, and screw.' So we collected a couple of drinks, and she led me upstairs to the love-nest. There were mirrors everywhere, and tiny spotlights played on the bed, catching reflections from the thin bondage chains. The rest of the room was cluttered with the paraphenalia of sex, with soft black leather much in evidence.

Fiona turned on a tape-player and a girl's voice filled the room, gasping and squealing to a background of whip-cracks and funky music. It was very explicit and rather repetitive, but arousing all the same, especially in that room, and with Fiona already out of her dress. I looked at her smooth white skin and reflected that maybe they'd been right to envy us, after all.

We were jammy sods, they'd said, the four of us. All we had to do was let some sexy English tart pinch our cherries, on-camera, act stupid, then let them blackmail us. We'd have to hold out a bit, wait for the pressure to build up, and then finally give them a few numbers. Nice numbers, convincing numbers, but nevertheless misleading numbers, of course, and we'd even be given lessons in screwing by the specialist KGB sex-bomb girls!

We had to be married, of course, happily married, and with plenty to lose. You can't blackmail a bachelor with a few snaps of him stuck up some bint or other.

Straight screwing's not much use, either. Nowadays, with all this sleeping around, only a politician or the Ayatolla can be crucified for an affair, so they'd go for a bit of kinkiness as well. But the girls from the charm school knew all about that. They'd teach us a thing or two!

Like how to handle 130 pounds of randy English brunette wearing stockings and a stock-whip, for instance.

Kinky sex, taken seriously, is sick-making, ridiculous or a big, big yawn. Most people can't act, feel embarrassed and belch or fart inopportunely. But Fiona was a natural actress, and was turned on enough to play for real. She still made it all a big game, though, changing from snarling dominatrix to adorable sweetheart as my 'enforced' cunnilingus achieved its objective.

We laughed and giggled a lot as we posed for the mirrors, and we panted and groaned for real during the sex sessions, but there was an underlying note of hysteria. I suppose that, in spite of all the laughs, Fiona was obliged to expose herself in adult magazine poses. She probably knew that every move was being recorded by cynical observers, and that the video-tapes and photographs would be shown around the Department. It isn't surprising that she suddenly slumped and threw in the towel.

'Ugh, what a bloody mess,' she said in disgust, wrinkling her nose as she cleaned up after me, and she fled to the loo. After a few minutes, I tapped at the door. 'Piss off,' she said irritably, to me and to the masculine sex, and I could hear her sobbing and retching as I dressed.

Peter was near the bar, telling one of his scurrilous stories about a Politburo big-wig, and he grabbed my arm as I passed, and insisted on pouring me a drink. In the middle of the hubbub, he faced me, and raised one eyebrow as we clinked glasses. I raised my eyes for a moment, and he smiled a little Cheshire-Cat smile of satisfaction, then wiped it off his face.

I yawned apologetically, and started to make my excuses, but he cried, 'Nonsense, my boy, the night hasn't started yet. You can sleep for a week when you get back to Moscow. Go and have a look at some blue films; maybe they'll inspire you,' and he pushed me towards a nearby room.

It was quite dark, except for the glow from the TV, and I stood in the doorway, trying to get my bearings.

'Do you mind? You're in the light,' someone said, and I was pulled down onto a small couch. My captor promptly stood up, hitched her miniskirt, and sat on my knee. There was a music-track with the film, and she undulated to its rhythm, flexing her buttocks to take her weight. She suddenly turned to me. 'I'm Cyn,' she said, 'am I too heavy for you?' I shook my head and put my arm around her; she tucked my hand into her dress, and encouraged me to fondle her bare breasts, giggling as her nipples hardened. 'Do you like oral?' she asked, nodding towards the TV set. The film featured a rather incompetent long-haired blonde losing her grip in a fellation sequence, hair in her eyes like a sheep-dog as she snuffled around, trying to locate the erring penis.

I nodded, and Cyn said, 'I thought Russians was pooftas.'

'One or two of us like girls,' I said defensively, and she giggled and wriggled appreciatively. Then, suddenly, the film bored her. 'It's like a bleeding morgue in here,' she complained, 'let's go down to the club. Bit of life there.'

Before I could reply, we were up and away. I said I should wait for Fiona, but she just left a message with a crony, and there we were in a taxi.

The club was in a detached private house, and didn't believe in advertising. Inside, it

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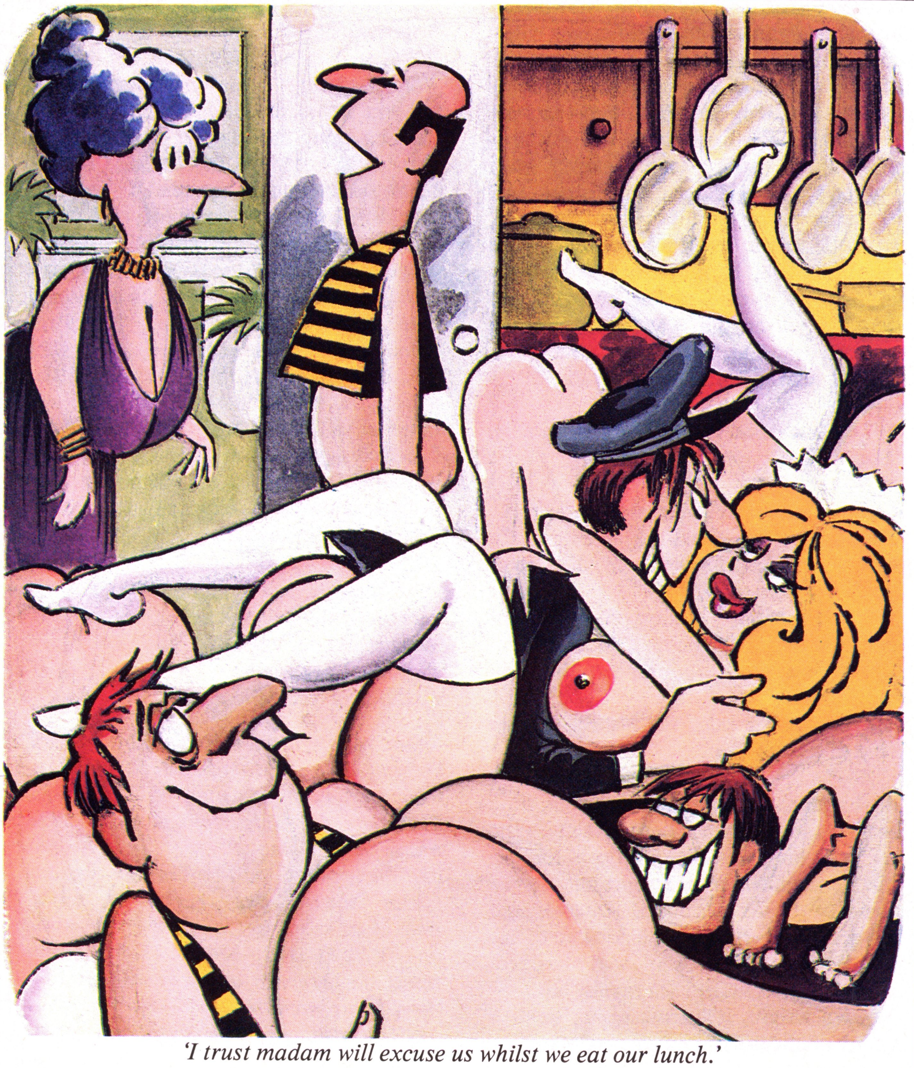
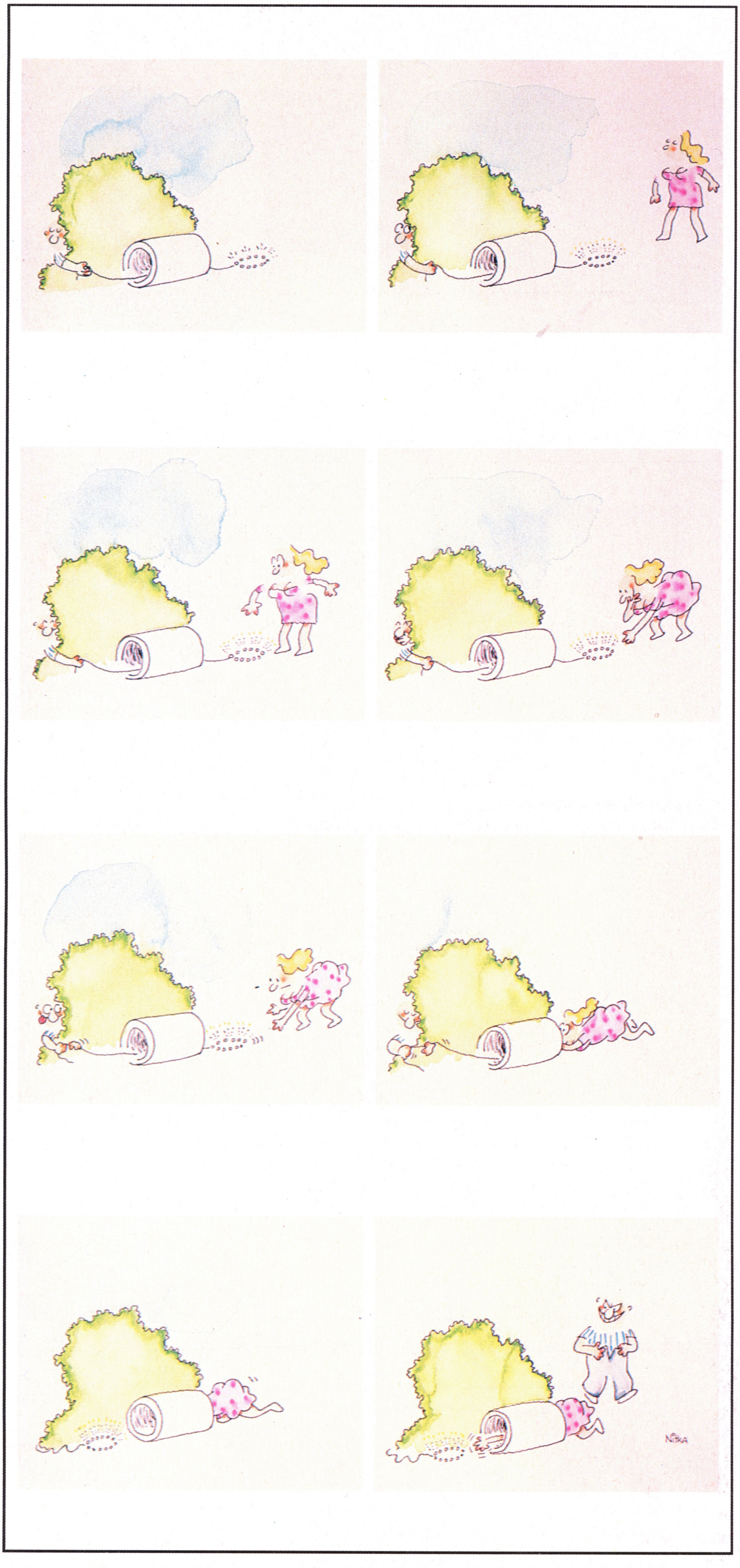


'I trust madam will excuse us whilst we eat our lunch.'



A Parcel for Mummy
continued from page 100

was smoky and over-heated. The stage was miniscule, and a topless waitress quickly found me a ringside seat. Within seconds of my arrival, a coloured stripper was showing me where her babies came from.

But that was just a warm-up. The two girls who followed took intimate liberties with each other, vibrators buzzing like angry bees as they yelped and cavorted.

They believed in audience participation, and I seemed to be especially marked down for help with the zips and catches, but maybe Cyn had something to do with that: she appeared to know everybody. I also received extra-large whiskies and free reefers and, little by little, I lost contact with the world.

Fantasy and reality are all mixed up now, and there are huge blank voids in my memory. The next afternoon, when they showed me the pictures, I couldn't tell the counterfeit from the real.

I remember slipping the G-string off a redhead, and finding a totally unexpected penis inside. I remember losing my clothes, and I vaguely remember sprawling naked on a bed with warm bodies all around, soft or hard but always sticky. By then, all I wanted to do was sleep.

Most of all, I remember the man I'd never seen before who had spoken to me in Russian, and had asked me about people I'd never heard of. And then, out of the blue, he had spoken a name no-one should have known, no-one who didn't know, that is. But before I could react, the sharp stab of fear, overlaying the drinks and the junk food and the pot, had proved too much for my digestion, and I had been violently sick, mostly over him.

'You've been a bit of a lad, haven't you?' they said. 'Now, what would your Irene think if she knew you were a raving queer?' I fought back, said they were all faked, and the big policeman shoved the ones of Fiona in front of me. 'Don't fuck me about, son,' he said, world-weary but puritanical as only a copper can be.

Then the semi-technical people took over, saying they knew it all anyway, for Christ's sake, it was just confirmation and, anyway, it was all old hat: the new stuff didn't work that way, everybody knew that. But I knew the new stuff didn't work at all, not yet, not in the field; but that's maybe what they really wanted to know. Spying isn't about what's in the lab, it's about what is in production.

Eventually, I gave them my magic numbers, one by one, and they took me down to Heathrow, and onto the Aeroflot flight through the side door. But they let me buy a doll for Kati: she's my kindergarten-age daughter, the same age as Fiona's little girl.

Most of these espionage initiatives foul up or just get by-passed. Whether they work or not, nobody knows, unless and until Accidental World War Three breaks out.

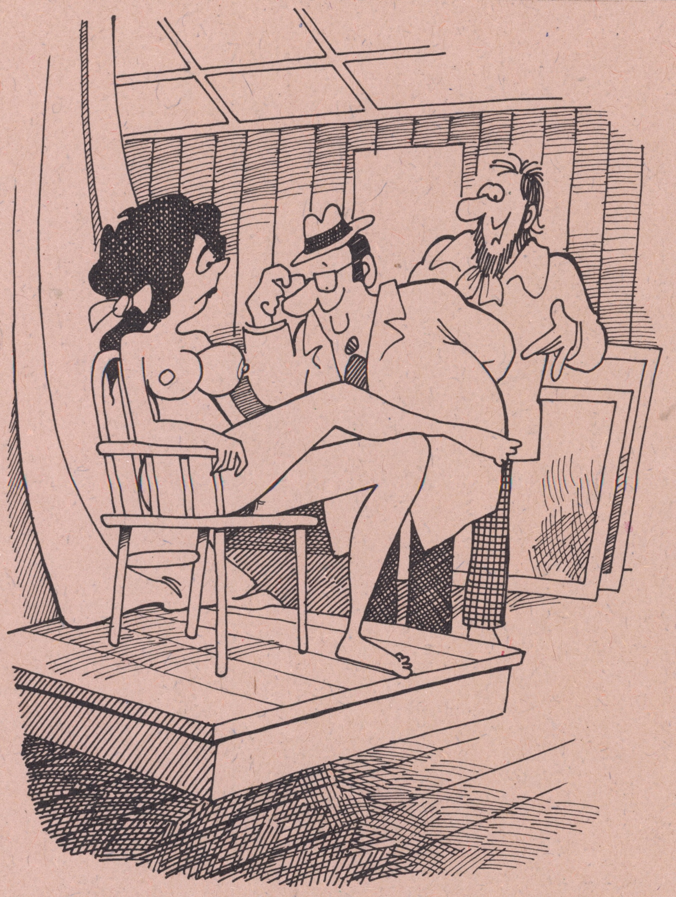
But this one must have worked, and must have hurt NATO, quite a lot. Enough for somebody over there to get mean and spiteful.

Yesterday evening, someone stopped Kati on her way home from kindergarten, and gave her a parcel for her Mummy.

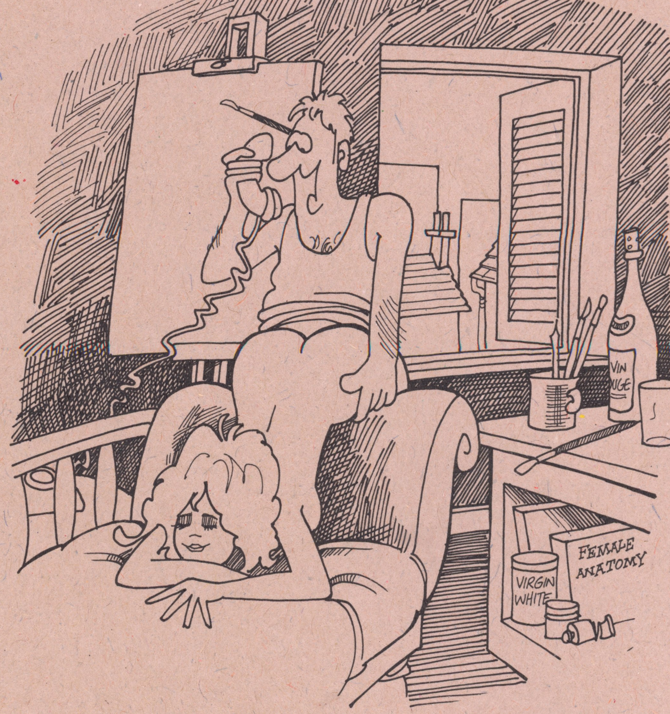
'I like to get the feel of the subject before I start painting.'

Art–ful Rogers

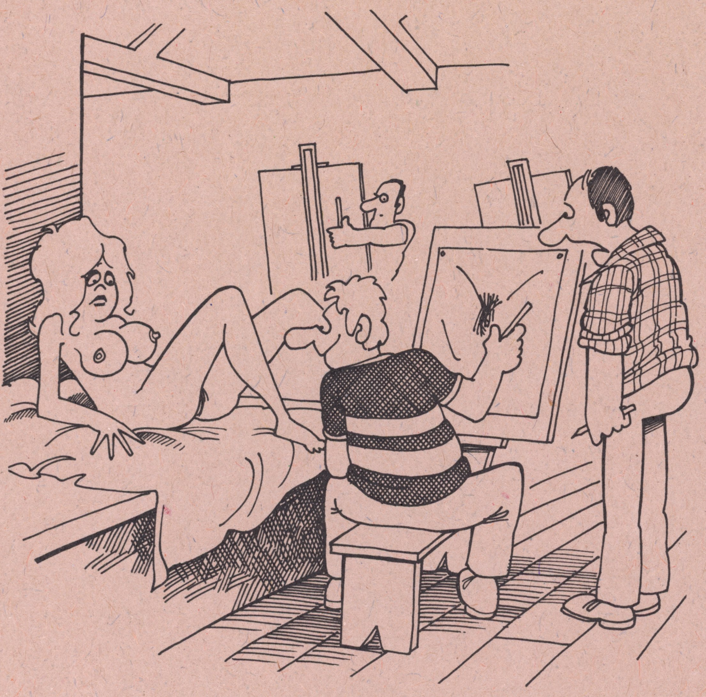
Painting nudes is an artist's perk.
In fact, suggests cartoonist Anthony, some can hardly wait to get them on the canvas



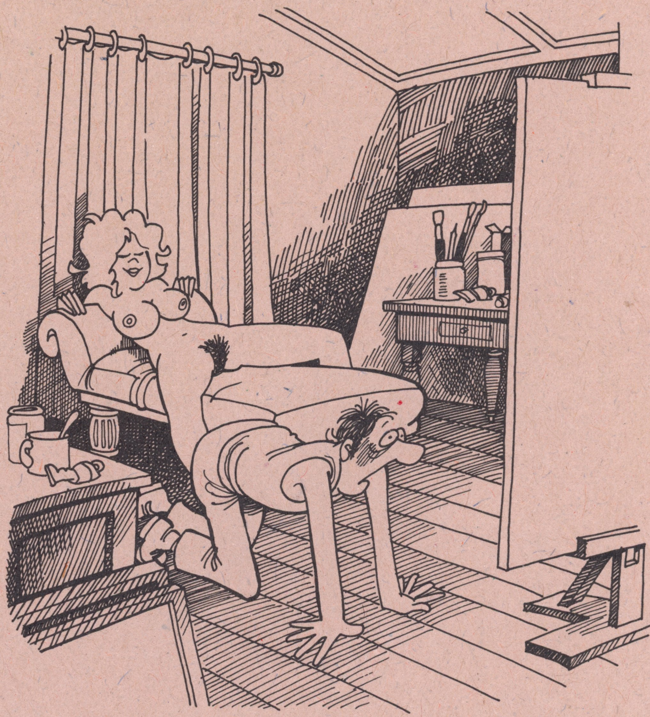
'This is Mr Partridge. He'll be buying the picture when it's finished.'



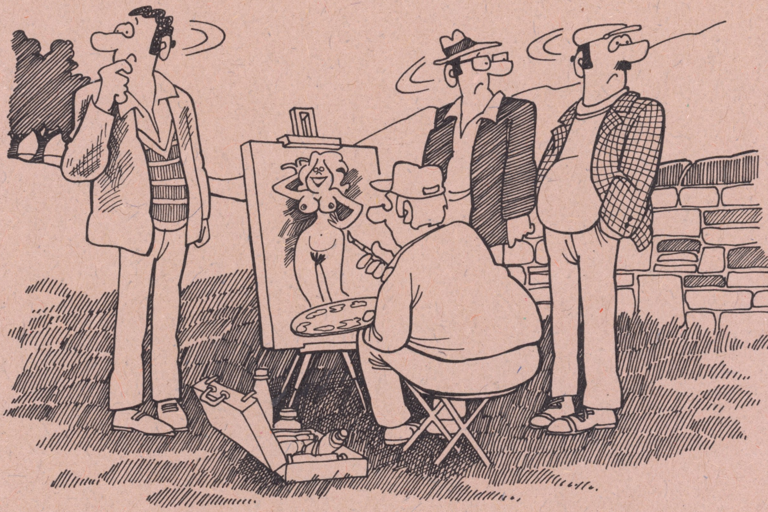
'I've nearly finished your wife, Mr Clarke – just a few more strokes . . .'

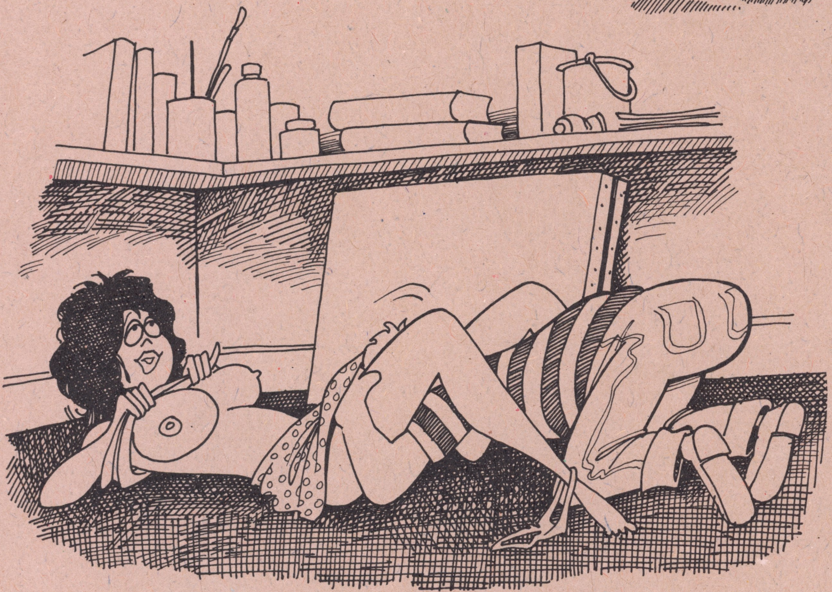


'You seem to have quite an eye for detail, Mr Lovegroove.'

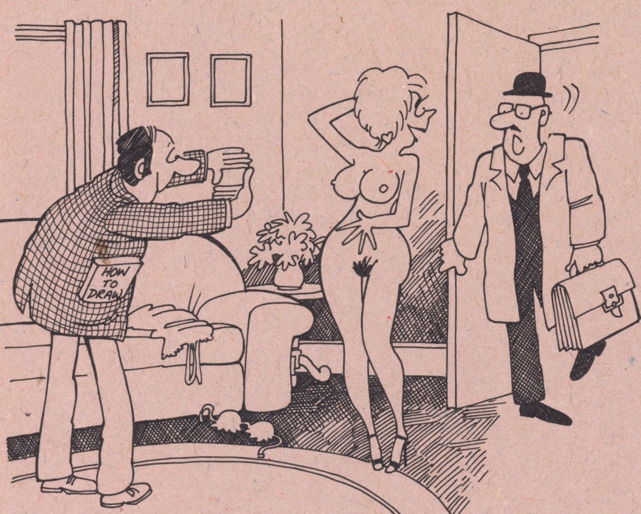


'I'll never get this picture finished.'

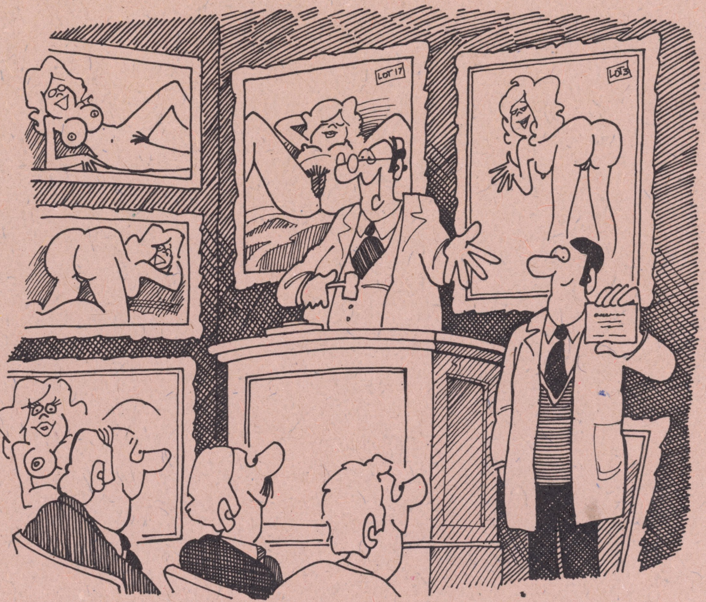




'Are you still searching for inspiration, Mr Everton?'



'Darling, guess what? Mr Hardcastle has asked me to be his very first model.'



'. . . And finally Lot 49. The name, address and telephone number of the model.'

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FILMS

Gerald Cole

*****A Classic, ****Excellent, ***Good, **Average, *Boring
♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic, ♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing, ♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp, ♡No discernable sex content

***♡♡♡ **Emmanuelle 4** (18), 3-D, 1hr 28 mins. As tropical rain thunders down on a clearing in the Brazilian jungle, a full-breasted blonde, clad only in a cheesecloth dress and pants, rides a makeshift swing hanging from a handy branch. It's a sight that proves as stimulating to the audience as it does to her young male employer who enters screen left, lifts his nubile employee from her perch, strips her of her damply transparent clothing, and proceeds to tumble her enthusiastically in the rain-churned mud. Meanwhile at a smart party not too many miles away, young Emmanuelle is introducing herself nudely to a grateful young man under the buffet table – only a short time before seducing her shapely, dark-haired psycho-therapist (Deborah Power) by sprinkling her naked body with gold dust, and then licking it all off. No-one does anything by halves in this fourth *Emmanuelle* epic to star Sylvia Kristel – and that includes plastic surgery. Vainly fleeing an over-dominant lover (Patrick Bachau), Ms Kristel undergoes a face and body lift in Brazil, emerging ten years younger (in the trim form of Ms Mia Nygren), and eager to shed her newly-restored virginity. With its lush photography, syrupy music, dubious philosophising and erotic ingenuity it's undeniably superior softcore.

***♡♡ **Streets of Fire** (15), 1hr 34 mins. Fluffy-chinned soldier of fortune Tom Cody (Michael Pare) returns to his inner-city slum home to rescue ex-girlfriend, now rising rock star, Ellen Aim (Diane Lane) who has been kidnapped by a local biker gang. This 'rock and soul fable' transplants virtually unchanged the oldtime Western into a romanticised urban setting where the cars date from the fifties, everyone is tough or armed or both, and no-one seems older than about 19. The premise needs more thought than it gets here, but there's an abundance of spectacular, non-lethal action, and one of the finest film rock scores in years.

***♡ **Under The Volcano** (15), 1hr 52 mins. On Mexico's Day of the Dead in 1938, a retired, alcoholic British consul, Geoffrey Firmin (Albert Finney), completes a process of self-destruction when his ex-wife (Jacqueline Bisset) and ex-mistress of his half-brother (Anthony Andrews) returns in a vain attempt to rescue him from himself. An atmospheric, doom-ridden tale relieved by Mr Finney's powerful and often very funny performance.

***♡♡ **Cannonball Run II** (PG), 1hr 48 mins. Burt Reynolds leads an illegal, one million dollar, no-holds-barred transcontinental road-race – joined by Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Sammy Davis Jr, and other familiar faces too numerous to fit usefully into the plot. A re-run of the 1981 success, it's a working holiday for the stars who enjoy themselves immensely. But the film's real interest lies in its impressive and well-staged stunts.

♡♡♡ **Preppies (18), 1hr 27 mins. Three well-endowed nymphets, ranging in pulchritrude from tall, blonde and bosomy to short, dark and bosomy, are hired to distract three virginal 'preppies' (the US equivalent of male Sloane Rangers) from revising for vital college exams. Much toplessness ensues, plus some mild whipping, a little chest-pressing with high heels, and an extended lesson in the art of orgasm fakery. A sharply satirical script, and some perceptive acting elevate this beyond the level of the purely softcore.

***♡♡ **Conan the Destroyer** (PG), 1hr. 43 mins. Ex-Mister Universe Arnold Schwarzenegger displays the world's best-built body, and some dazzling swordplay as the thieving barbaric hero of the mythical Hyborean Age – this time in search of a magical key able to revivify a dormant god. Entertaining blood and thunder in the sword and scorcery mould, though merely workmanlike after the flair and genuine glimpses of the nature of myth seen in the original *Conan the Barbarian*. But the 30s fantasy hero is a role for which Mr Schwarzenegger was born, and plays with a relish that always remains watchable.

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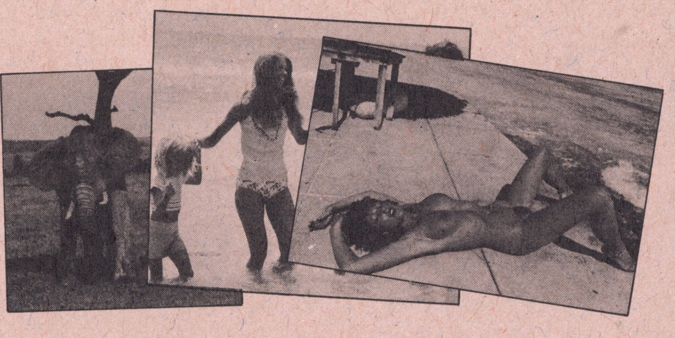

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DISCS

Peter Hopkin

Gato Barbieri is one of the all-time great jazz saxophonists, and his latest album, **Para Los Amigos** (PRT), catches him at the height of his brilliant career. A Latin American himself, this double live set, recorded in June 1981, is a tribute to his native continent. Supported by a superb eight-piece band which includes three percussionists, Gato works his way through a series of compositions with a Latin feel. They range from the exciting classic *Brazil* to the haunting rhythms of the self-penned *Bolivia*. Gato's tenor sax soars, wails and bellows through the set. His solos start at a level where other sax players finish, and reach a breathtaking level of excitement. For the best in Latin jazz, or any type of jazz for that matter, this album can't be beat.

A continent away from Gato, Hugh Masakela is forging new musical territory in Africa, blending raw tribal rhythms with the dancefloor energy of American funk. **Techno Bush** (Jive Afrika) is at the same time irresistible dance music, but made up of subtle layers of sound which become more intriguing with every play. The seven-piece band and four vocalists cover material ranging from the soul style of *Grazing in the Grass*, to the more traditional *Getting Fat in Africa*. This album is more accessible to the western listener than most African music, and both the playing and arrangements are fresh and exciting.

It seems that much of today's exhilarating new music is ethnic in origin. Los Lobos are from the Mexican ghetto of East Los Angeles, and their debut mini-album, **. . . and a Time to Dance** (Rough Trade) features songs ranging from delicate Spanish ballads to fast rocking Tex-Mex border music of the style which influenced the likes of Buddy Holly and Ritchie Valens. Their unique rocking-Spanish sound, complete with sax and accordion, will make even granny reach for the tequila and dance up a storm.

Back in the heady days of 1969, EMI formed the harvest label to feature progressive groups – the last flowerings of the hippy era. Now Harvest are 15 years old, and they have released a compilation, **The Harvest Story Volume 1.** It features 11 tracks from the likes of ELO, The Move, Deep Purple, and long-forgotten groups like Edgar Broughton and the Third Ear Band. A fascinating exercise in nostalgia for those of us who remember the era of afghan coats and pop festivals, but this album is also important for documenting the roots of today's music.

To call the Rolling Stones the greatest rock and roll band in the world is an understatement. Now in his forties, Mick Jagger can still outsing any synthesiser-tinkering wimp half his age, and the band's raw power comes over superbly on the wonderful new compilation album, **Rewind (1971–1984)** (EMI). It features classics like *Brown Sugar* (a staggering 13 years old!), *It's Only Rock and Roll, Miss You, Angie* and other Stones greats from that era. An absolute must for parties.

Bruce Springsteen seems the only contender to the Stones' crown when it comes to energy and excitement. And on his latest offering, **Born in the USA** (CBS), he is in excellent form. His last album, *Nebraska*, was a quiet semi-accoustic affair, but now he is back with the six-piece E Street Band, fronted by gargantuan sax player Clarence Clemons. The 12 tracks deal with the problems, agonies and joys of the working man trying to get by in the new economic depression, sung in Bruce's gravelly, emotional style. But this is not a depressing album by any means. The music is powerful, joyful and alive, and Bruce's haunting vocals combine with the red hot E Street Band to produce a feeling of exhilaration and exitement.

Husky-voiced Tom Waits is a modern-day beatnik, singing ballads of the down and out seedy side of American life. His is a world of back street diners and late-night losers. Now WEA have released a superb double compilation, **The Asylum Years** which features the best of his seven albums on that label. The stream of consciousness lyrics, half-sung, half mumbled, and Tom's bar-room piano create a late-night atmosphere you could cut with a knife. And his version of *Somewhere* from West Side Story is stunning.

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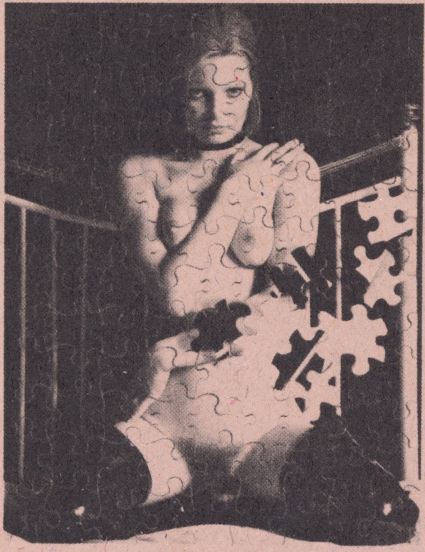

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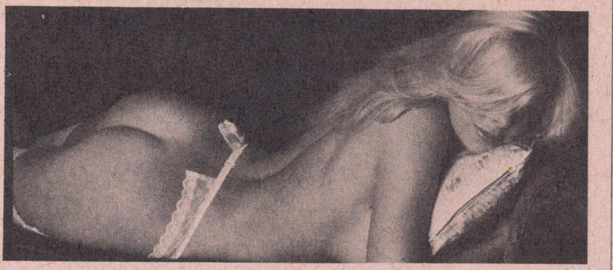

Amazing Michelle Roden (Vol. 16 No. 12) is just one of the nude delights who are awaiting you in our five issue bargain offer. For £2.75 enjoy Vol. 14 No 11, Vol. 15 Nos. 2, 4 and 10, and Vol. 16 No. 12.

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WINE

Charles Fforde

Both wholesalers and retail restaurant outlets seem to be offering a bargain basement of decent wine these days, selling direct to the customer, cutting out middle men wherever possible.

I visited a large barn of a warehouse in Tottenham, the HQ of *Venus Wines (Tel: 01-801 0011)*, and met the director, Cypriot-born, Andreas Chrysostomou, who began in the wine business by managing one off-licence at Harringay 12 years ago. Now he owns a dozen, and supplies the West End, as well as hotels and restaurants all over the London area, direct with his goods. Without being a limited company – just himself and family – he reckons to be able to take on the big boys like Tesco's and Sainsbury's – even if it means selling at cost to get new business.

Chrysostomou quotes £14.99 a case (one doz) for *Vin de Table*, £26.90 for *Macon Village*, £23.90 and £21.90 for *St Emilion* and *Medoc*, respectively. He now has his own brand spirits, supplied by the distillers direct, of course. How about £55.99 for a case of scotch, £84.99 for Moet and Chandon NV, and VSOP Brandy at £50.90?

These are quite remarkable figures, and my attention was drawn to this company when I heard that the highly successful *Barbarella's* operation in Kensington and Chelsea was so amazed by the quoted list that they queried it. They had been paying up to £10 a case more elsewhere, and have since joined *Venus*'s ever growing band of regular customers within the trade. The company will also supply direct to individuals, too. 'An important thing with us,' says the proprietor, 'is that we can split cases of any quantity at case prices. We are flexible enough to deliver wherever we can make a profit.'

Don Hewitson of the *Cork and Bottle* group in Cranbourn St, WC2 has long been into the direct supply, direct to the private custom market. His agency specialises in the best wines from New Zealand and Australia. Other go-ahead restaurateurs such as Norman Price of *Pollyanna's* in Battersea Rise, London SW11, hold regular wine weeks, specializing in the promotion of wine from selected areas, both for sale in their restaurants and for 'off' outletting. It was little surprise to me, therefore, when I visited Paul & Penny Carvossos' *Pissaro's* on the corner of Kew Green, Richmond, to find they were doing the same, namely doubling up their wine bar operation with a list of wholesale specially selected fine wines, and then selling them on a cash and carry whole case only basis.

Their list is headed by claret, beginning with *Chateau Lynch-Bages*, a *'77 Grand Cru Pauillac*, priced £103.16 per case, and a *Ch Gruaud-Larose 2eme Grand Cru St Julien* '76, at £158.70. The fine burgundies, too, were appealing to the pocket, starting with another 1976, this time a *Gevrey-Chambertin* (Poulet Pere & Fils) costing £103.16, followed by a brace of *ler Cru*. The *Pom mard Clos de Verger Domaine Billard-Gonnet* 1979, priced £145.47, and a '78 *Volnay 'Fremiets' Domaine Charles Rapet*, for £116.38 are also recommended.

Lower down the price scale, but most certainly not out of the fine wine category, are a particularly good *Chateauneuf du Pape Domaine du Grand Tinel* '81, priced £71.41, and a very fair selection of white burgundies beginning with *Aligote Domaine Patrick Javillier* '82 for £48.93, a *ler Cru '82 Chablis ('La Fourchaume')* at £63.48, with a couple of good Loires: *Sancerre 'Le Grand Chemarin'*, and *Pouilly Fume*, at £60.83 each per case.

The involvement of large wholesalers and wine bars and restaurants in off sales is a trend which can only be good.

Well established wine merchants however can still keep their customers happy with such offerings as Peter Dominic's brand label *Liebfraumilch* (£1.89) and their Italian *Vino da Tavola* at £1.69. Their £1.59 *Piat d'Or* is also popular, as is their especially bottled French *Cuvée des Minimes* at £2.09. Victoria Wine offer a 1983 *Liebfraumilch Riente* at £1.49, and don't forget Stowells of Chelsea's 3-litre box of *Muscadet*, priced £8.43.

Prices might have altered since these products were reviewed. Please enquire with the establishment if you are in any doubt.

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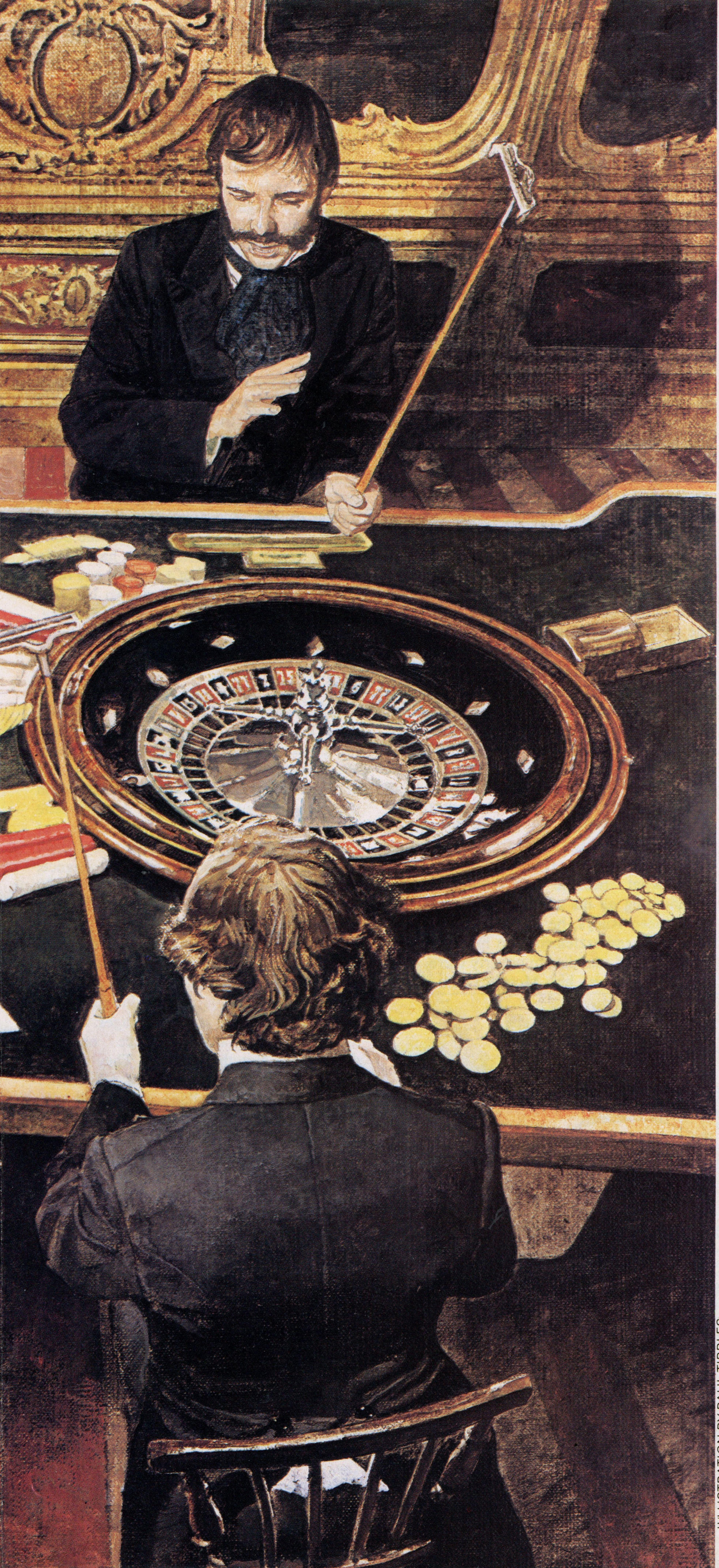


ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL TIBBLES

Roulette players the world over dream of breaking the bank at Monte Carlo. Yet few have turned the tables at the world famous casino

How they won at Monte Carlo

By R Hudson Smith

The casino at Monte Carlo is a large, white, rococo building which for a day or two every year in May echoes to the high-pitched scream of Grand Prix cars as they hurtle past it. Then calm descends again on the dowager queen of all gambling places. Despite some wear and tear, the casino has everything – history, tradition, climate and international fame. And the game of games there is roulette. It is not easy to define the extraordinary attraction this gambling game exerts on so many. Perhaps it is a blend of excitement and optimism; the revolving wheel, the breathless suspense as the ivory ball cannot seem to make up its mind into which slot to drop, the lure of a lucky coup, the mystery of systems and, of course, the eternal hope of beating the percentage in favour of the house – 2.7 in Monte Carlo. All the best gambling stories, mythical or not, concern roulette. The following one happens to be true.

On a July day in 1891, a man called Charlie Wells entered the imposing portals of the Monte Carlo casino. Charlie's social status was hardly on a par with that of the elegant throng of Russian grand dukes, aristocrats and other wealthy patrons who frequented the casino in those days. He was a short, paunchy cockney, but he was about to make gambling history.

Charlie started to play roulette, and won with almost every spin of the wheel. He doubled up his stakes, and he still won, then it was high drama, and excitement swelled in the casino when he broke the bank. Actually it was not the casino bank but the bank of the table he was playing. Following tradition, a black cloth was ceremoniously draped over the table, and play suspended till guards

marched up with more funds. Pandemonium broke out when Charlie proceeded to break the bank for an incredible second time. High society clawed and elbowed each other as they fought to get close to the table to follow Charlie's play. He seemed to be operating with a purposeful system; the full numbers he bet on were mostly under ten, and he would sometimes, after just a little shifting of the chips, let his winnings stand for three consecutive runs – nearly always to his profit. His stamina was equal to his astounding luck for when he finally called it a day he had been at the table eleven hours.

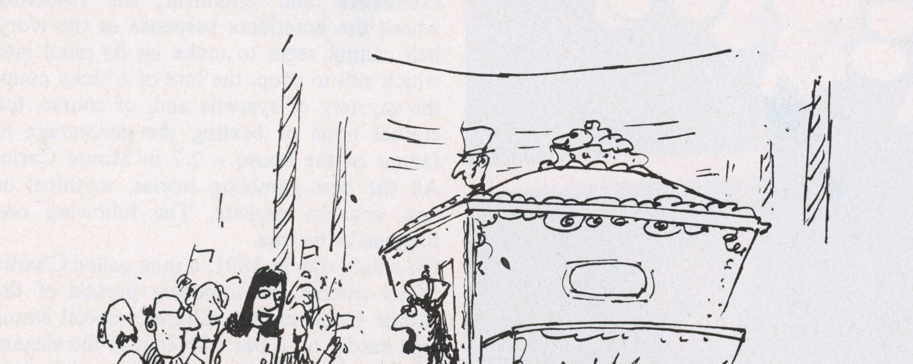
But the casino had by no means seen the last of Charlie. The croupiers stared in apprehension when he turned up the following day. By 3pm the unfashionable Englishman had broken the bank for the *third* time. By now the news had spread, and the casino was packed with regular patrons – and reporters scenting a story. Charlie continued with his fantastic play on the third day and, though he did not break the bank again, by midnight he had won over one million gold-standard francs. At that point, to the immense relief of the management, he stopped playing roulette. As he pushed his way, laden with chips, through the dumbfounded onlookers, to the *caisse*, he could not resist a few more bets at a baccarat table. He was apparently no novice at that game either for within less than half an hour he accumulated another 150,000 francs. Then he left the casino to become a legend.

Back in London, Charlie Wells became a national hero. He gave lavish parties, patronised all the best supper clubs, and tipped munificently. His sex life was on the same prodigal scale; he often slept with three or four of the most beautiful and expensive *belles de nuit* in town – all in one enormous bed that Charlie had specially ordered. Hearing of these high jinks – at the casino's expense – M. Camille Blanc, its owner, confidently predicted Charlie's return. 'Then we'll get our money back,' he assured his anxious staff. He proved to be only half right.

In November of that same year, Charlie returned to the Monte Carlo casino, but only to take up where he had left off. He started by putting 1,200 francs on number five, and let it ride for five successive spins. Five came up five times in a row and, in a matter of minutes, Charlie had won nearly 100,000 francs. Any gambler will agree that this sort of roulette play requires not only faith in one's star but nerves of steel. Monsieur Blanc was nonplussed – and suspicious. He closely interrogated his croupiers, had the wheels and tables checked, and assigned his best detectives to watch every move of both his personnel and Charlie. But nothing could stop the little cockney winning, and after pocketing another million in three days the astounding gambler left. The detectives had nothing to report; no signals had been exchanged, the wheels had not been tampered with, and Charlie's vast winnings had been legitimate.

Again Charlie went on the spree in London. The most phenomenal play in casino history was a page one story wherever newspapers were published. Charles Coburn introduced the song *The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo* in a London revue, and it quickly became an international hit. Charlie, who now sported tails and a topper, became society's darling but all the blandishments of his elegant new friends could not extract his winning ways at roulette from him. Despite the casino's heavy losses, the fabulous world-wide publicity it enjoyed from Charlie's success more than compensated for them. Visitors from all classes of society swarmed into Monte Carlo from everywhere, all hoping to emulate Charlie's exploits.

And what became of Charlie? After squandering all his winnings leading the life of a dozen Rileys, he served eight years in prison for embezzlement. On his release, he went to Paris, and died in poverty there, aged 85. Years after his Monte Carlo feats, Charlie denied that he had had a system, that it had been blind luck. But this simple explanation of his unparalleled series of wins did not convince experienced roulette players. They pointed out that Lady Luck is a fickle jade who does not bestow her favours so magnificently and so consistently as Charlie pretended. System or no system, whatever his secret was, it died with him.



'Fancy your majesty noticing little ole me!'

Is there a sure-fire system for winning at roulette? Since Charlie's day, scores of books have been published, each one claiming to let the reader in on the formula. They bear such intriguing titles as *Life Made Pleasant by Roulette, One Hundred Infallible Systems to Win at Roulette, Retire on Roulette*, and a rare old book in my possession has the encouraging title *The Winning Rules at Roulette* (1902). Although I live not far from the Monte Carlo casino, and have pored over this complex *meisterwerke* for hours on end, I am still trying to eke out a modest living as a writer . . . But there is hope yet, as the book sternly recommends two years hard study before actually venturing a chip on one of its intricate and infallible systems. So I have a long way to go yet before comfortable retirement in a palm-shaded villa at the casino's expense – which the author of the book promises.

The inventor of the machine-gun, Sir Hiram Maxim, after hearing of Wells' exploits, made a special trip to Monte Carlo to study the possibilities of system-play at roulette. He subsequently wrote a book on his findings *Monte Carlo Facts and Fallacies* in which he stated trenchantly: 'All roulette systems are worthless. The laws of probability are not valid for this game. Each spin of the wheel offers a 50/50 chance, neither more nor less. If red comes up 20 times, there is no reason why the ball should not fall on red 40 times or more. Where the ball comes to rest is pure hazard, and cannot be influenced by anything that happened before or may happen afterwards.' This seems logical enough, but Maxim appears to have discounted the law of averages. Did his dictums have any influence on the *systemiers*? Not the slightest. They scoffed at him as an absolute beginner who didn't know what he was talking about, and continued to hover around the tables, jotting down all the winning numbers, and deducing from them 'infallible' plays. Monsieur Blanc, who presumably knew something about roulette himself, said, 'The only way of making money with systems is selling them to suckers.' He even offered a prize of two million francs to anybody who could prove an infallible system. The prize was never claimed – which was fortunate for casinos everywhere.

Nevertheless, works on roulette, experienced players and even some croupiers all agree that two or more partners playing a system have a far better chance of winning than a single player. To quote one expert, 'An association or syndicate of six, four, or even only two partners at the same table ought always to beat the bank.' There is one system that some books advocate whereby a player should theoretically break even –

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How they won at Monte Carlo

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provided he has enough capital. This is the Martingale, which in its simplest form is doubling up every time you lose. James Bond's creator, Ian Fleming, who was fascinated by roulette, recommended a sophisticated variation of the progressive systems called *Labouchère*, and claimed that it never failed to provide him with a good free dinner. Fleming admitted, however, that it is a 'win and pack up' system as the casino will beat it in the long run.

As a one-time roulette enthusiast myself, I found that with progressive systems you do at least get a longer run for your money than betting on numbers based on the date of your birthday, dreams, or messages from outer space. That way, unless your guardian angel is working overtime, generally leads to early and rueful retirement from the tables. On the other hand, hunches sometimes work. I was once in the casino at Biarritz with a lady whose son was eight on that day, so she backed the number *en plein*. It came up and, in spite of my protestations, she let her winnings ride. Number eight won again, and she collected an imposing pile of chips. Such unpredictable wins against all the odds form part of the lure of roulette.The snag with all progression systems is that they can result in a gnashing of teeth if there is a freak, adverse run with an unusual preponderence of the other colour. Fortunately these are uncommon – though red once came up 23 times without a break at Monte Carlo, an occurrence which makes a nonsense of the law of averages, and would have pleased Sir Hiram Maxim.

Roulette afficionados swear that if you play the *Montant d'Alembert* system you are bound to make four per cent profit. But as the system requires considerable capital, and sitting at the tables eight hours a day, perhaps investing your money in a building society would be preferable to such penal servitude to the circling ball.

Many *systemiers* at roulette are not wealthy plungers but elderly retired men and women living on pensions, which they try to supplement. They rarely risk more than a handful of francs a day, and follow each play closely, while making mysterious notes. Morning is usually their time, and when they have a bit of luck and win enough for a modest meal they quit for the day. The croupiers know them all, and treat them with the same courtesy and service they would extend to a millionaire. They are often lonely folk for whom the casino is a social centre, and working their systems a pleasant way of passing their time. In Monte Carlo, they would almost certainly make more money walking millionaires' poodles, but then that would not give them the excitement.

With over a century of history behind it, roulette has become so cocooned in stories and legends that separating fact from fiction is not easy. Some, like rumours, have been repeated so often that they are accepted as facts. Take, for instance, the story about the Russian destroyer captain who lost all the ship's money at roulette in Monte Carlo. Facing the prospect of spending the rest of his life in a Siberian salt-mine, he had all his ship's guns trained on the casino and, after threatening to blow it sky-high, his losses were hastily refunded. Pure bunkum, but the story still circulates. A true one concerns a lady who had lost all her money at Monte Carlo's elegant Sporting Club. Sitting disconsolately at a table on the balcony, she found a 500 franc chip still in her purse and, in a tantrum, threw it over the balustrade. It fell on a table, covering number ten. It came up, and she won a large sum. A happy story? No, for she came down to collect her winnings, stayed, and lost the lot . . .

One or two old-timers in the British colony in Monaco still relate how when a Reverend Taylor was pastor at the Anglican church there, he noticed that some members of his congregation were sidling out before the sermon. He discovered that they left to back the hymn numbers in the casino in the belief that their sacred origin would bring them luck as signals from Heaven. So the pastor astutely arranged that no hymns under number 36 would be selected, and as the highest number at roulette is 36, church services soon returned to normal.

Is it possible to cheat at roulette? (and in this context I do not include those obnoxious harpies to be found at many roulette tables who will brazenly pick up your winnings if you don't watch them). Extraordinary precautions are taken to prevent it. At Monte Carlo, every morning before the casino opens, each wheel is lifted from its pivot and examined; the wheels and tables are checked with a spirit-level for balance and alignment; the diameter of the ivory balls is verified with calipers, and even the croupiers' rakes are scrutinized. What seems an obvious loophole for cheating is the forging of chips, but the casinos have thought of that one too. They are made to an exclusive design, and Monte Carlo boasts that its chips are as difficult to duplicate as a banknote. Moreover, the chips are handled by two experts, the croupier and the *caissier* who finger them day in day out. Trying to pass dud chips on these specialists would be akin to attempting to change forged fivers in the Bank of England.

Most casino surveillance is on a scale that would draw whistles of admiration from Scotland Yard. Each roulette table is under the eagle eye of a *chef de parti* on a high stool, who keeps a sharp watch on the croupier and the players. Plain-clothes police inspectors and a force of house detectives roam around keeping an eye on all and sundry. But surveillance does not usually end there. The Monte Carlo casino, for example, employs in addition super-secret agents who dress and act like tourists, and whose identity is unknown, except to the directors. Not all casinos, of course, can afford the elaborate precautions taken against cheating at Monte Carlo. What the smaller ones fear most is collusion between croupiers and punters. Although, as a general rule, croupiers are obliged to wear honesty-inducing dinner jackets without side-pockets, nobody can prevent them pushing unlawful winnings across the green baize to accomplices – except the *chef de parti*. But what if he is in the racket too? Ah, there's the rub. Only a year or two ago, a scandal of proliferating proportions broke out at Nice in the fashionable *Casino Ruhl* on the Promenade des Anglais. For some time it had been showing a loss – a remarkable state of affairs for a well-patronised casino in that category – so finally the suspicious management called in the police fraud squad. They soon discovered that several croupiers, *chefs de parti* and other staff were in complicity with crooked players – known as *barons* in French argot – who split their faked 'winnings' with them. Over a period of time this fraudulent combine had cheated the casino out of many millions of francs – the exact figure will never be known. The *Ruhl* was forced to close, and the guilty personnel and *barons* went to prison.

However, the *Ruhl* croupiers were rare black sheep in a highly skilled and honorable profession. The Monte Carlo casino

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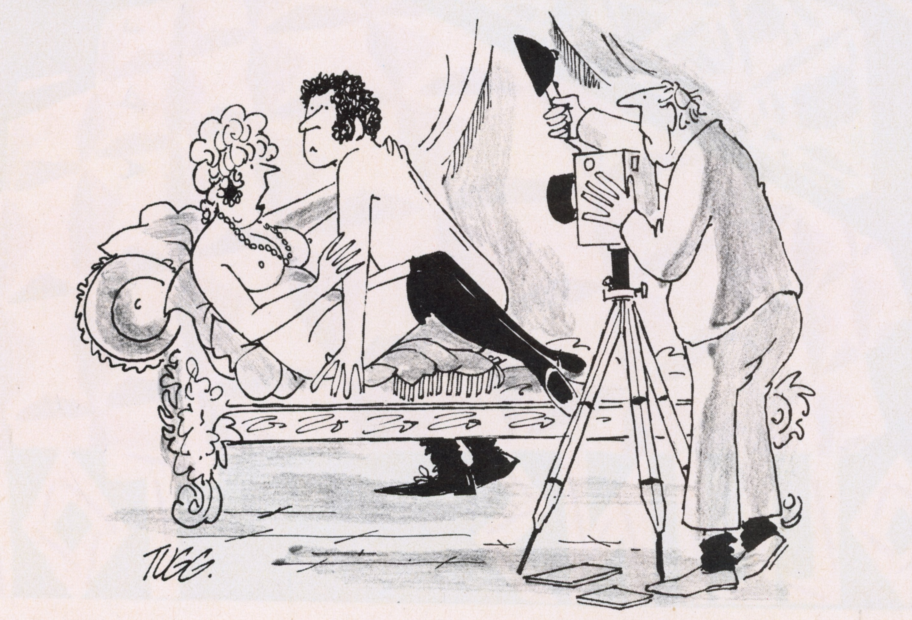


'Now I have your word, Albert, that these pictures won't be published in "Women's Home Chat"?'

How they won at Monte Carlo
continued from page 50
investigates the background, behaviour and associates of every young applicant very thoroughly before accepting him for their course, which lasts from six to ten months. In addition, the candidate must speak another language besides French – preferably English – be able to calculate rapidly, be alert and of good appearance and honest. For a young man who is probably going to handle millions daily these demanding qualifications are understandable.

Watching an expert croupier at work is fascinating. Give him your chip, and tell him your number,and he will toss it with unerring accuracy on the designated green square. The moment the ball has settled in the slot, he will immediately call out the winning combinations, and in a trice has worked out the different odds, deftly raked in the losing stakes, and shovelled across the exact number of chips to the lucky players. Top croupiers can photograph in their minds the layout of all chips on the table, and who put them there. It is a virtuoso performance.

Although there are usually just as many women around roulette tables as men, croupiers everywhere continue to chant their long-familiar call, '*Messieurs, faites vos jeux*!' The invitation to the male sex only dates back to the days when ladies were not supposed to gamble. In fact, a French law still exists which permits a husband to stop his wife from entering a casino, but one imagines that very few brave men take advantage of it. This flagrant flouting of sexual equality has so far apparently escaped the notice of woman libbers, but it will be a sad day – if it ever dawns – when croupiers are obliged to intone, '*Mesdames, mesdemoiselles, Messieurs, faites vos jeux*!' Roulette will never be the same again . . .

Roulette wheels and bowls are made of extra-hard rosewood, and last about 12 years. In addition to the daily checking, every month or so they are given a complete overhaul, and all parts showing signs of wear are replaced. These extra precautions were adopted many years ago following the extraordinary coup of a Scottish engineer named William Jaggers. This wily character calculated that if the small metal pin on which the wheel rests became even slightly worn, a minute deviation would favour certain numbers. For five weeks at Monte Carlo he had the winning numbers recorded at every table. He analysed them, and found one table where certain numbers came up more frequently than others. Armed with his statistics, Jaggers started to play that table, and amassed 2,400,000 francs in four days, causing the management sleepless nights. They were unable to tumble to his game, but as a precaution switched all the wheels around. Jaggers started losing quite heavily.

But it did not take the canny Scotsman long to realise what had been done, and he made a leisurely tour of the other tables. With an engineer's eye for detail, he recognised a tiny, barely noticeable scratch on the brass handle of 'his' wheel, and resumed his winning ways. The casino was helpless for his – to them – mysterious play was in no way illegal. In desperation, M Blanc sent a trusted employee to the makers of his wheels at Strasbourg. The firm told him that if the immovable partitions dividing the slots were changed to movable ones they would compensate for any irregularities in the wheels. So every night the partitions were secretly moved a fraction and again Jaggers started losing. But not for long. He was smart enough to realise that, literally, his game was up, and he departed with a neat profit of 1,200,000 francs, never to return.

The suicides of gamblers ruined at roulette have given rise to a whole crop of tall tales – especially in Monte Carlo. A Captain Wehre, who lived there, asserts in his memoirs that the corpses of these unfortunates were secretly conveyed to grottoes in the cliffs below the casino. They were then packed in weighted cases, and sunk out at sea. This story is in the 'believe it or not category'. My own favourite – and it's a true one – started in an odd way. An American lady visiting Monaco noticed a windowless van used by the municipal dog-catchers, and asked what it was for. Her companion told her facetiously that it went around early every morning picking up the bodies of ruined gamblers lying in the streets. Taking this information seriously, the lady wrote an indignant letter to her hometown newpaper, describing the terrible consequence of gambling. The story was picked up, and published throughout the States. When it came to their notice, the casino management merely shrugged its collective shoulders – though that is one kind of publicity they really dislike.

On the Riviera prostitution is never far away from the roulette tables, just as in the desert surrounding that other mecca for gamblers, Las Vegas, there flourishes a network of brothels. In casinos in the south of France you will often see supremely chic and attractive girls fluttering long eyelashes at solitary men on a winning streak. Although the casinos openly frown on these female predators, they can do little to stop them. Most of these charmers are 'owned' by Mafia or Corsican gangs operating from Nice, Toulon or Marseille, as in Monte Carlo itself brothels are practically non-existent due to police vigilance and the price of property.

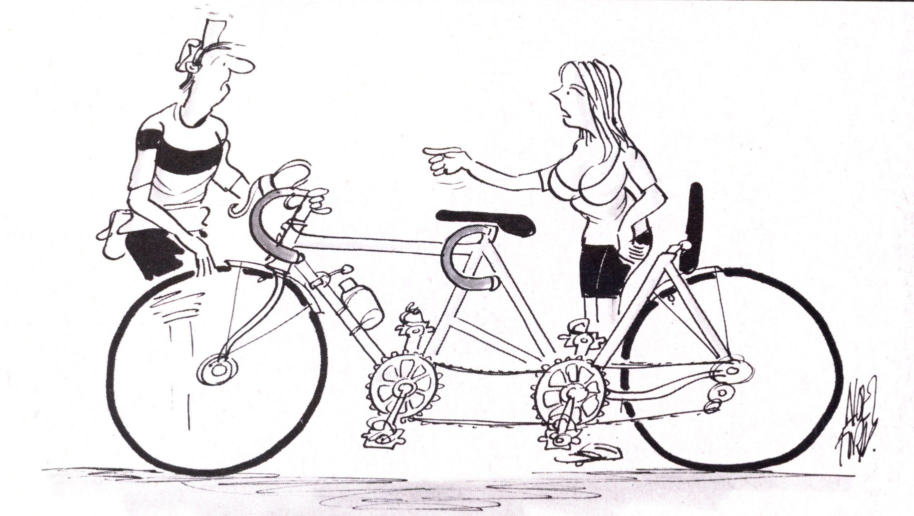
But just over the border in France, exclusive and expensive call-girl establishments exist in Cap d'Ail, Cap-Martin and Beausoleil. Periodically the police raid one of these centres – they are usually in luxury villas – and arrest everybody in sight. At the time of writing, a particularly sensational case before the Nice tribunal is providing reams of spicy copy for local journalists. Up before the judge is 'Madame Mimi' who, until her arrest, was running a notorious call-girl ring for casino big spenders at Cap d'Ail. Mimi's 'turnover' involved over 170 girls in ten months, many of them under 18.

Such is the lure of roulette that the wheels never stopped spinning during the Occupation of Monte Carlo in World War II. But the happy-go-lucky, international players of yesteryear were replaced by a gruesome collection of Italian and French collaborators, Nazi officers on leave, and the Gestapo – the latter having requisitioned the famed *Hotel de Paris*, which has an underground tunnel leading into the casino. Little did these ruthless ghouls guess that after the war it would become the favourite Riviera hotel of Winston Churchill.

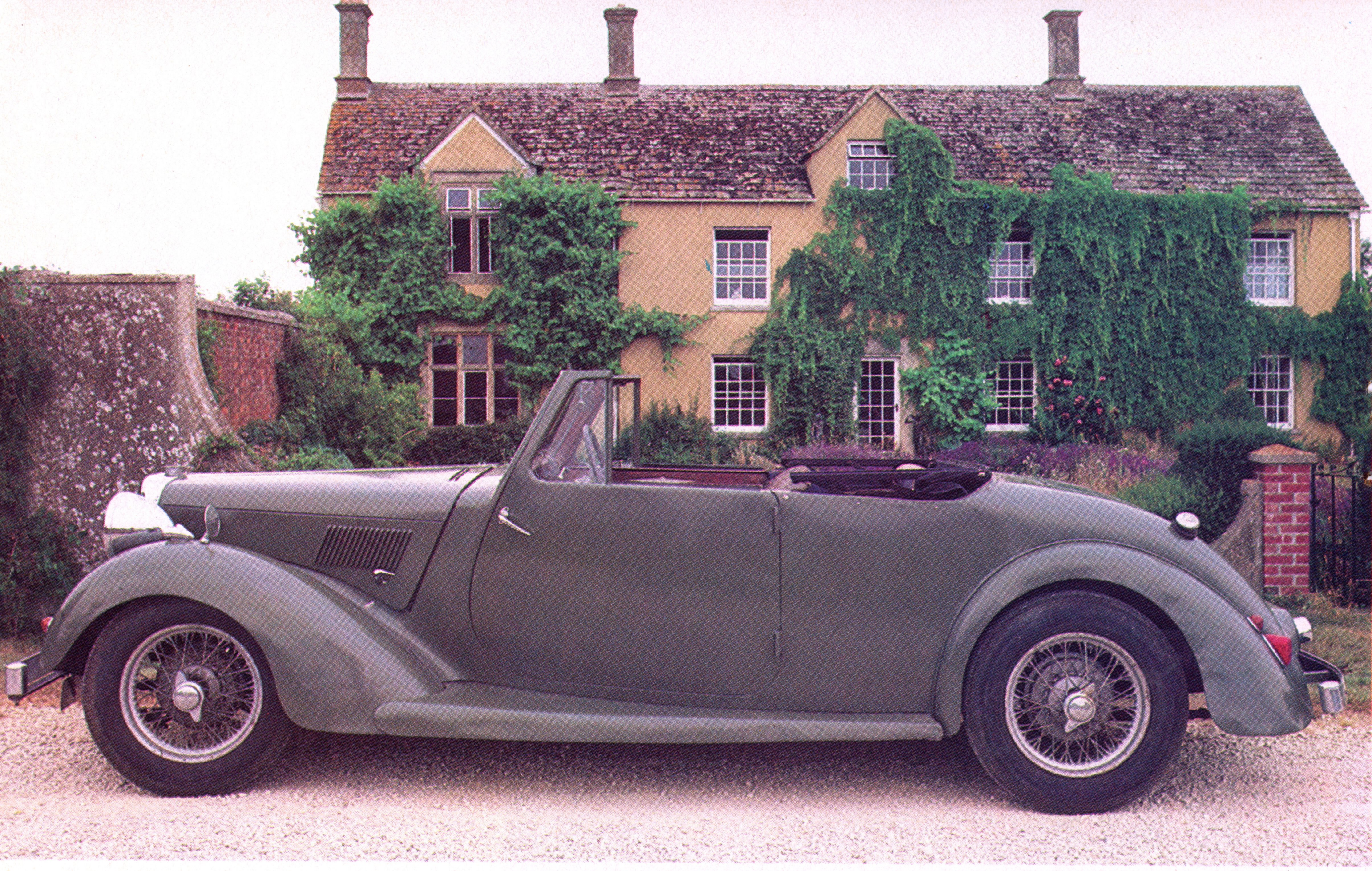
Luckily for the casino, the German general in command of Monaco was a roulette addict, and when the Gestapo proposed stripping its heavy, copper roof and sending the metal to the Fatherland, he promptly declared the building to be a 'cultural and historical monument', and hence untouchable. It must be the only gambling place to receive that distinction – thanks to roulette!

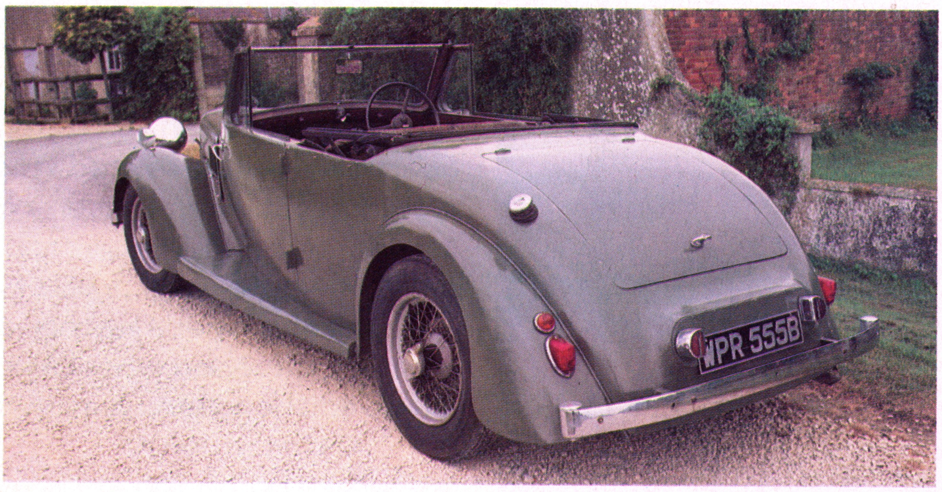
Until recently, Monte Carlo casino held the world record for the longest run of the wheel – 28 successive coups. For the statistically-minded, the probability of this happening is 1 in 268,435,456. At that rate, a run of 32 might be expected once very 50 years from 1,000 roulette wheels spun 250 times a day.

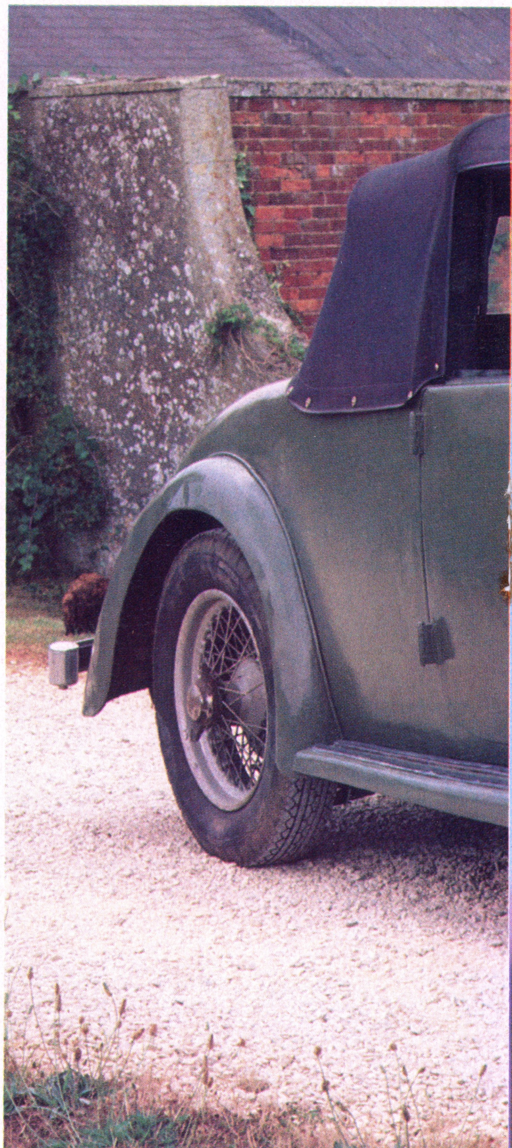
In Monaco they say, 'The only way to make money here is not to gamble.' I don't believe that the tubby cockney, Charlie Wells would have agreed with this precept, but for common mortals it's not bad advice.



'Listen, you adjust yours how you *like, and I'll adjust mine how* I *like – okay?'*







Three views of an AC from their classic era between 1910 and the 1950s. This two-to-three seater drophead was built in 1939, and was the last model made before the Second World War. It featured the 2-litre engine that was to become almost standard on later cars. Near right: The AC symbol mounted on the radiator grille of an earlier 1936 model.

From their humble origins in 1910, producing motorised tricycles for errand boys, AC developed over the next 40 years into one of Britain's foremost sports-car manufacturers. It was an era of race victories, rally wins and smashed records

AC
THE CLASSIC YEARS

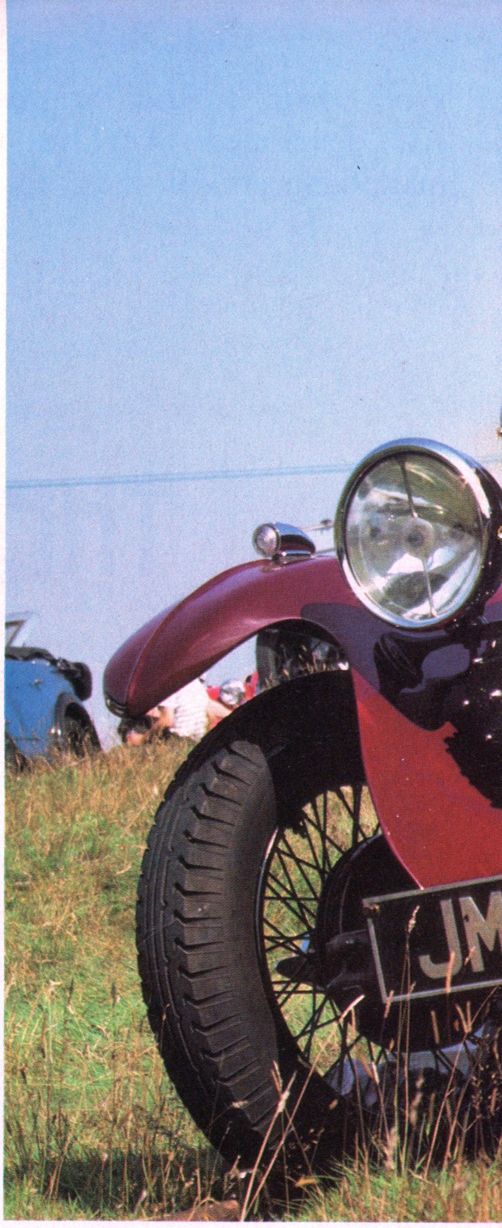
Motoring with William Boddy
Photographed by Andrew Morland and Ed Alexander

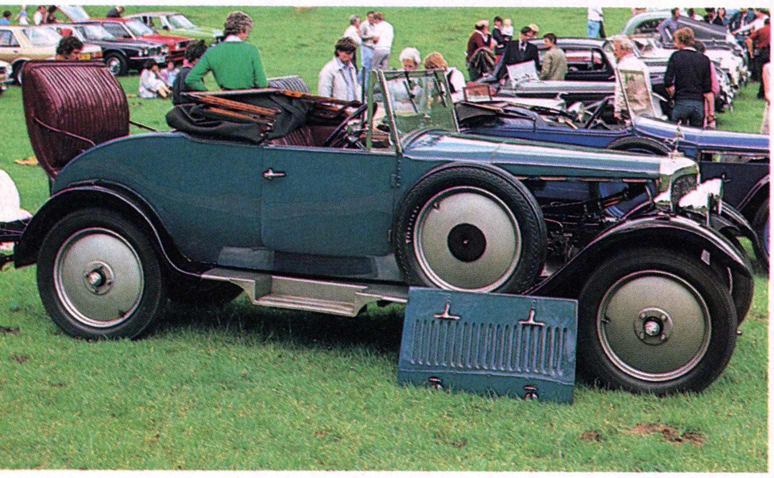
There are some makes of cars which have managed to remain exclusive, right through their production runs, giving pleasure to true-blooded enthusiasts. Of these, the Lea-Francis, British Salmson, HRG and AC come to mind at once.

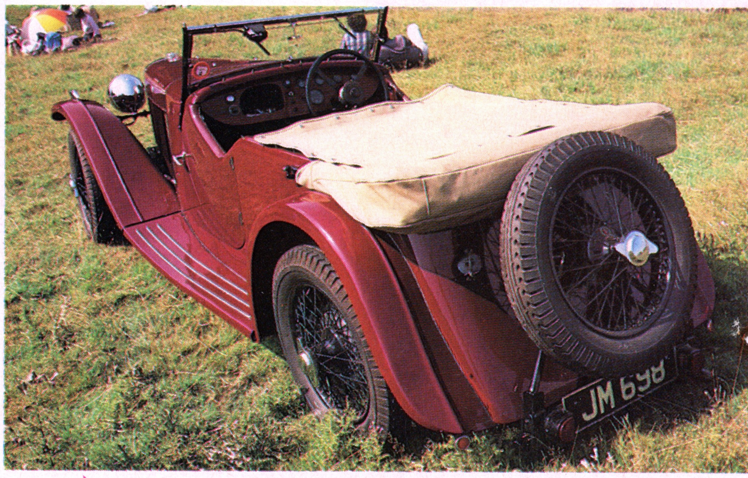
I have always liked the AC. The initials derive from 'Auto-Carriers', because at one time in the far-distant past the AC company made those three-wheeled motorised delivery vans on which the more fortunate errand boys trundled their employers' goods about the big cities. There were copies of these, but mostly the AC ruled the stores and smaller factories. From them stemmed the rather delightful AC 'Sociable' tricar, one of which I re-encountered last July cavorting healthily during the Vintage Sports-Car Club's Golden Jubilee Celebrations, in the hands of a Mrs S L Hall. This little AC 'Sociable' was a jolly sort of economy vehicle for two, driven by an air-cooled single-cylinder engine of T-head construction set behind the occupants' wide, front seat. This 723cc engine drove the single back wheel by chain, and you steered the two front wheels with a tiller, in lieu of the usual steering-wheel. In

1915 this form of economy motoring from the AC people at Thames Ditton, Surrey, cost a mere £84, and its lack of interest in consuming petrol was an added attraction to the thrifty or impecunious.

These three-wheeler 'Sociables' set the pace for AC for some years, and if sedate they were comfortable and secure: the earlier models of this 'Sociable' being purchased from Auto-Carriers of Hercules Road, Lambeth. AC then continued the economy theme with a rather neat little four-wheeled economy car of ten horse-power, using a 1,100 cc Fivet engine. This line was adopted and enlarged upon when the Great War was over. More power was obtained by fitting an







Large picture top right: An AC 16/60 from 1933 seen at the AC Owners Club's annual meeting. Bottom right: A 1937 AC 16/70 owned by Malcolm Elder, a dedicated car restorer. Its six-cylinder engine gives it a top speed of around 85mph. Near right, top: Another view of the 16/60 four-seater, and below it is another 2-litre, four-seater, this time dating from 1936. Above: A 'Stoneage' two-plus-two, the extra seating being in the form of a rear 'dicky'. Top left: A 1927 AC Montlhery named after the French track where the car raced.

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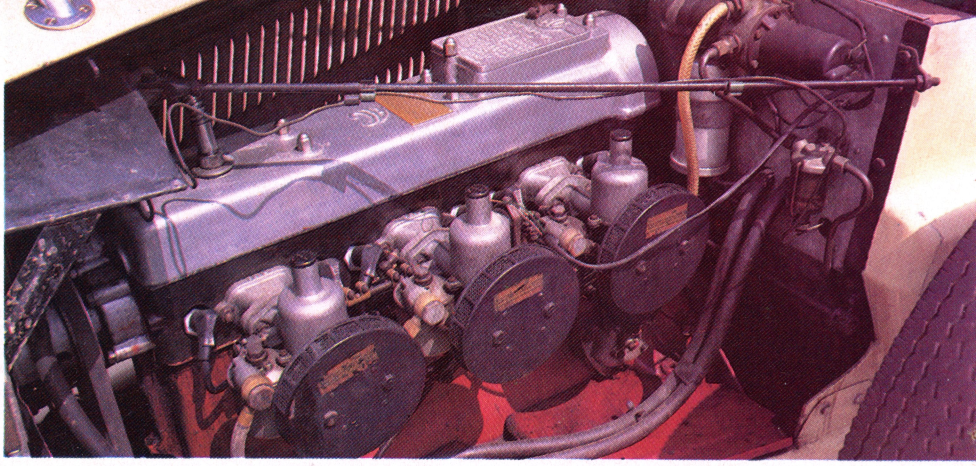
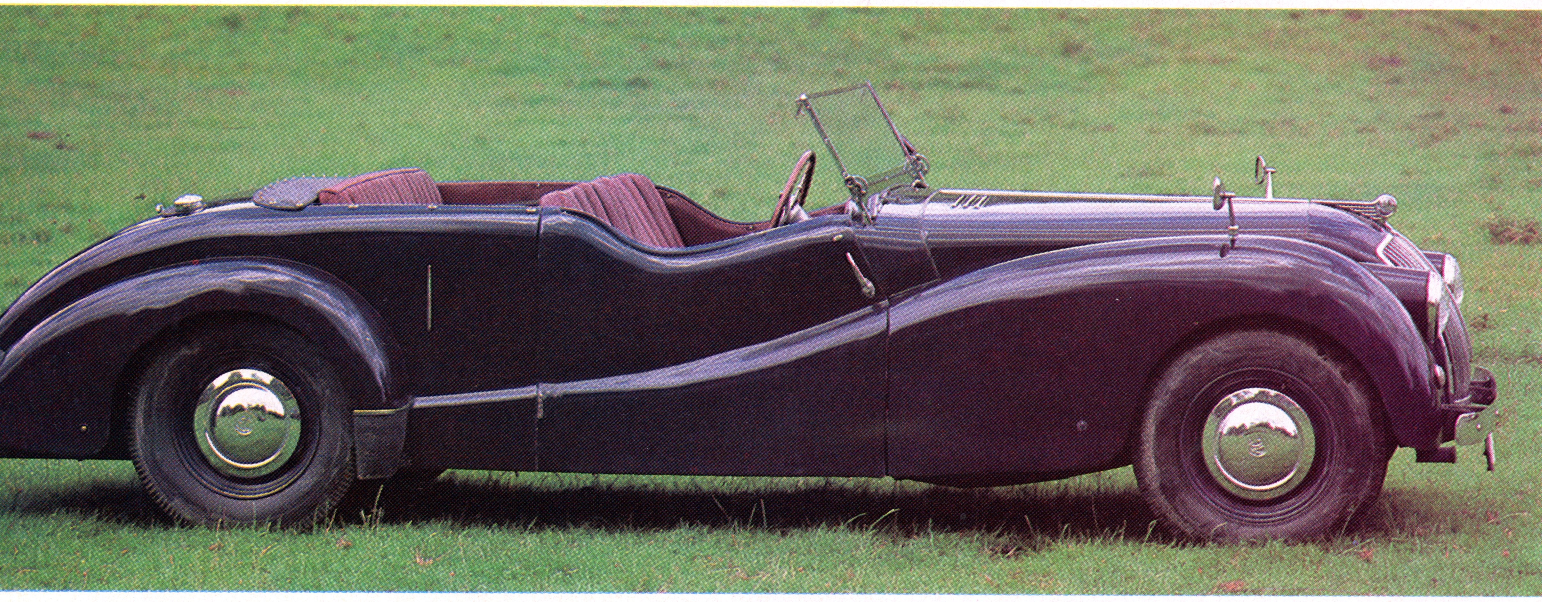
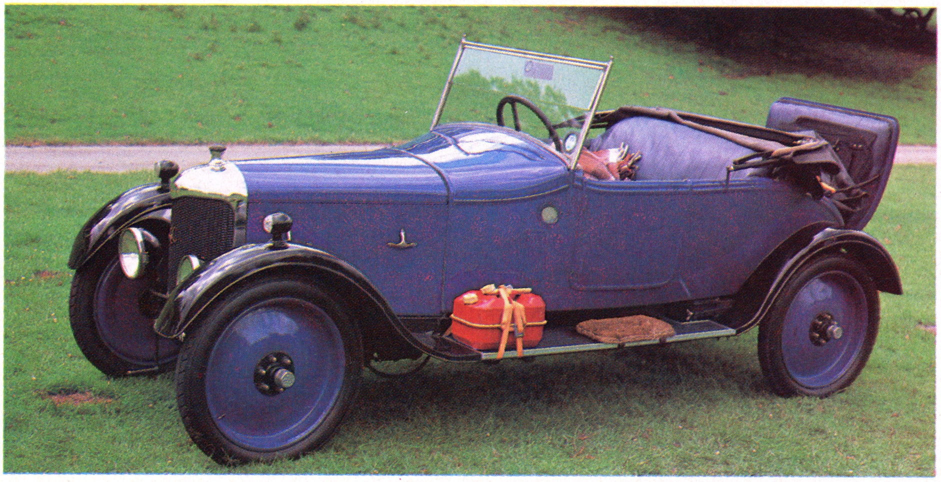
BNP 122

Anzani four-cylinder side-by-side 1,496cc valve engine, later to power many other, quite fast, cars including the chain-drive Frazer Nash. The gearbox was a three forward-speed affair combined with the back-axle, and it achieved some fame, or has more recently, because it incorporated disc brakes, years before these were known in the automobile world.

The fame of the AC, which soon became a high-priced but shapely bull-nosed creation, was advanced when Selwyn Francis Edge joined the firm. Bought out of the motor trade after having sold Napier cars and

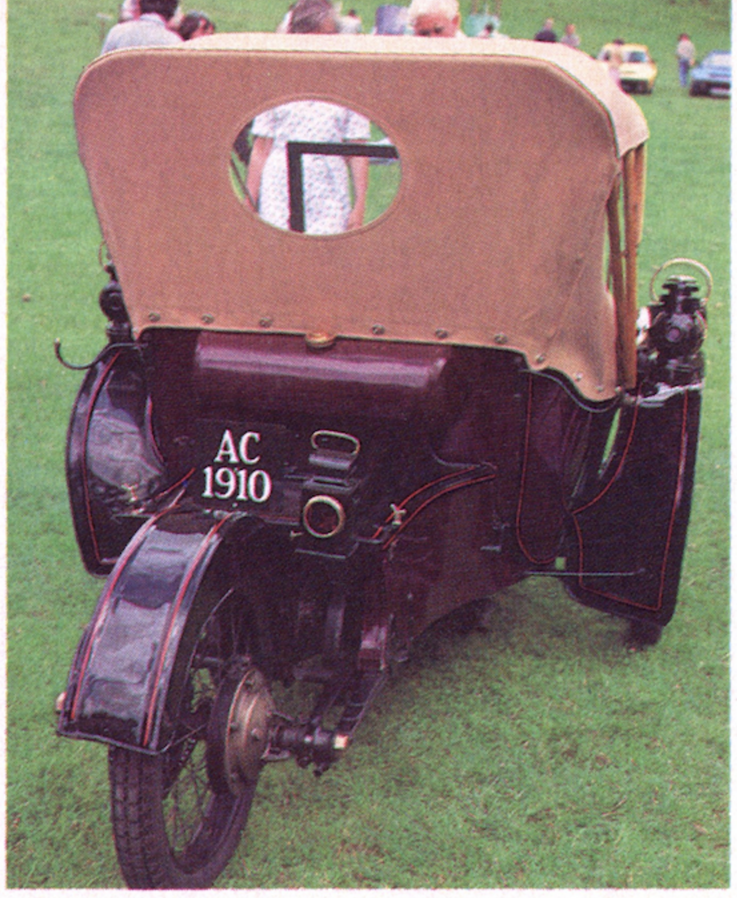






Large picture, far right: An AC 2-litre saloon built in 1950. Near right and above: Two views of a 1924 two-seater with a four-cylinder, 1½ litre engine. Above that, another AC drophead, with stylish Buckland bodywork, made in the early 1950s. Top left: A close-up of AC's standard 1,991cc six-cylinder engine, this one is from the 1937 16/70 seen earlier. To the right of it is another view of the AC Buckland, with another fine example of the model below it. Two small pictures far right: Front and rear views of the AC 'Sociable' tricar. AC's first model, it had a 723cc engine powering the single rear wheel, and remained in production from 1908 to the start of the First World War.

NKR 179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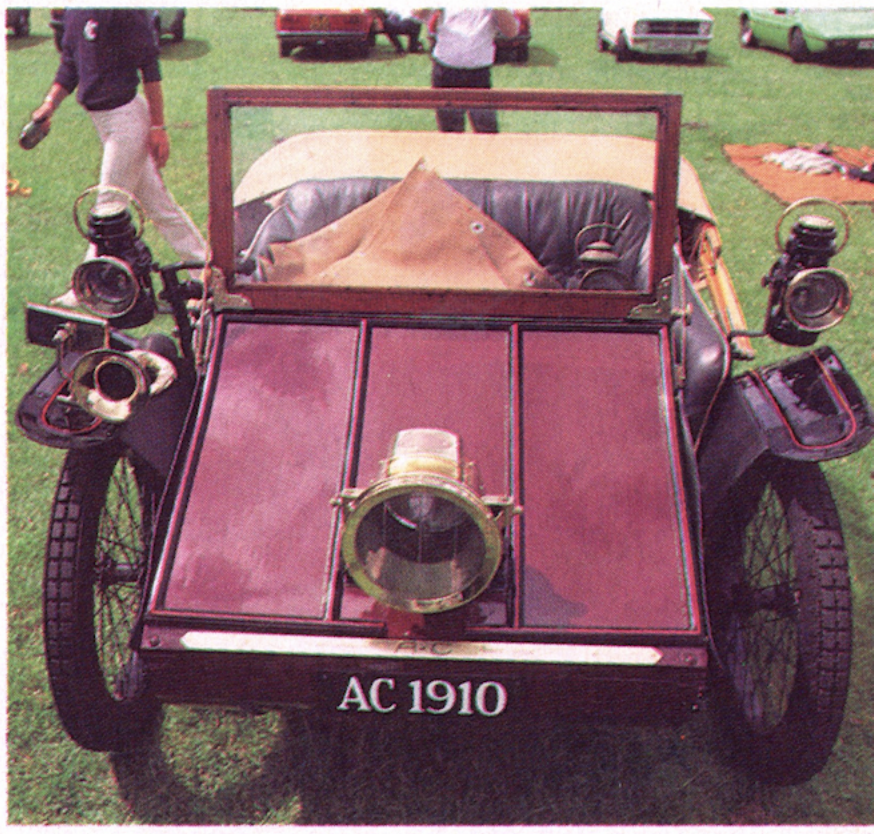
AC 1910

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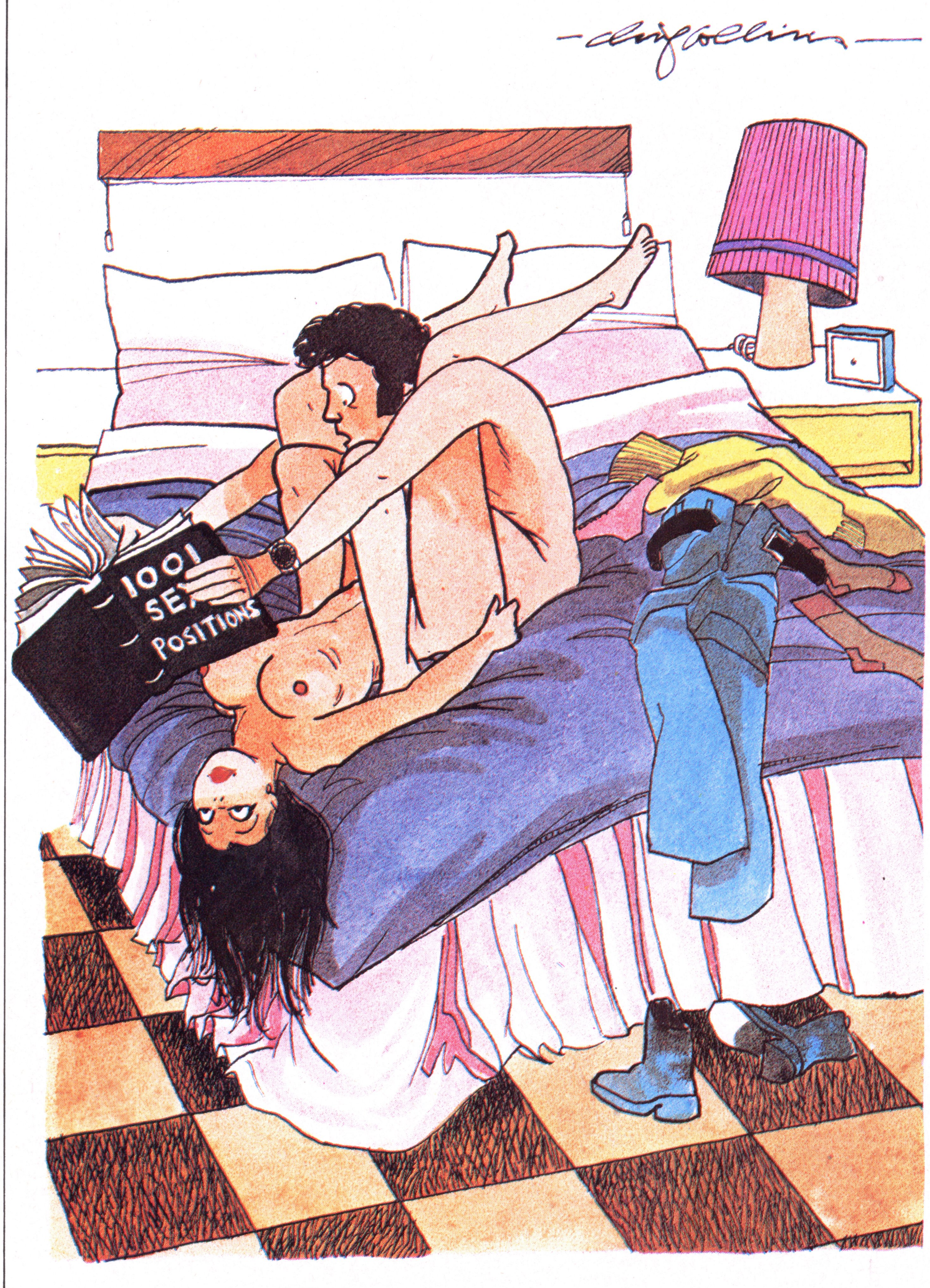
fostered their six-cylinder engines, he returned to do the same high-pressure selling for AC. These were still made in the pocket-handkerchief works at Thames Ditton, as they are today.

Not everyone cared for ACs. They had only those three-speed gearboxes. They had shapely two-seater bodies but less gainly touring and saloon coachwork. They used quarter elliptic spring suspension. However very soon after the war had ended a small six-cylinder overhead-camshaft light-alloy engine was introduced, of just under 2-litres. But any suggested AC shortcomings were naturally brushed aside by Edge, who must have had more letters published in the motoring papers in the 1920's than any other trade advocate. His arguments might not be always logical, but never did he let his readers be in any doubt that the AC was beyond criticism. Indeed, the AC was put over to the public as the 'Rolls-Royce of small cars.'

They were most certainly not bad cars, as their numerous impressive speed records indicated. There usually seemed to be an AC circulating Brooklands or the Paris Montlhéry tracks in pursuit of records. The $1\frac{1}{2}$-litre AC was the first car to exceed 100 mph, in that competitive post-Armistice class, over the Brooklands half-mile, for one hour. AC's racing department, inspired by designer Waller, brought out some very slim, very light AC racing cars, with unusual back axles consisting of little more than the drive-shafts and the central gear casing. Drivers of the calibre of airman Harry Hawker, Kaye Don, JA Joyce, and Gillett, who took the 24-hour record at the French Autodrome, kept the publicity going. Then in 1926 watched by all the newspapers, the Hon Victor Bruce and cameraman WJ Brunell became the first drivers to win the Monte Carlo Rally with a British car – a six-cylinder AC. It looked good, but by 1929 financial problems intruded. Even the ACs 'Aceca', 'Acedes', 'SF Edge Special', or the more costly polished-aluminium 'Montlhery' sports model, failed to save the day.



'Alright, let me put it another way . . .'

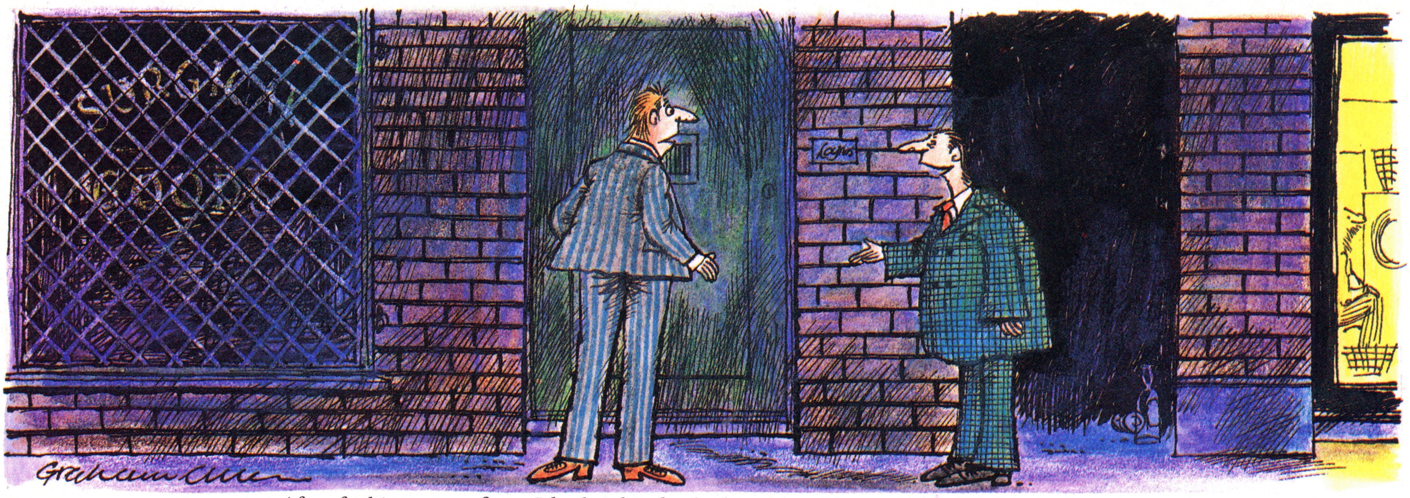
The neat AC 'Magna' saloon with hydraulic four-wheel-brakes was by then in production. The company was saved by the ambitious Hurlock brothers that year, and design changes were put in hand. The old back-axle gearbox was replaced by one mounted inboard. The emphasis was on more sporting models, even if vintage-minded folk recalled with affection the all-aluminium four-cylinder and six-cylinder AC which in Edge's heyday had performed feats like climbing the steps up from the beach at Clovelly, and ascending Snowdon via the single-line railway track.

The Hurlock ACs had the 2-litre six-pot engine, which had originated in smaller form in 1919, first in 56 and 66 bhp versions, powering the well-liked AC sports model. It had triple carburetters and enough power to not quite do 90 mph over the Brooklands half-mile when I tested one for *Motor Sport*. These sporting pre-war cars were nice to drive, with synchro-mesh, four-speed, gearboxes. Thames Ditton had played with pre-selector gears and supercharging, but it was the well-tried overhead-cam, six-cylinder, 2-litre engine that one associated with these cars.

It survived for use in the post-World War Two ACs. These were refined machines, with some nice touches, such as stone-resistant wire-mesh under the mudguards, a roomy saloon body, equally well-made, and the same engine, now poking out 74 bhp in normal form. The springing had long ago become normal half-elliptic, the brakes, after three years of hydro-mechanical operation, full hydraulics.

More exciting things were envisaged, however, and duly took form. All very different from the three-wheeled AC invalid cars with BSA motorcycle power, which were a bid for badly-needed finance. This was developed into the notorious AC 'Petite', intended for the able-bodied, with a 350 cc Villiers two-stroke motor in its boot, the only loveable aspect, perhaps, being that it had belt-drive, just like many of those cyclecars back in 1912. The model lasted from 1953 to 1958, at under £400, without attracting any but the feeble-minded, it was said.

But the AC make recovered, with some very exciting kinds of motor-cars. The 2-litre models took on a look, with a curved radiator grille, and Buckland made a rather attractive open four-seater body on the AC chassis. By 1954, came another 'Ace' from the drawing board of John Tojeiro, this one with a tubular chassis frame having all-round independent suspension. The AC Six engine, by this period giving 80 bhp, pushed the AC 'Ace' to a rousing 100 mph, which was exciting in 1954. The rigid chassis was ideal for accepting other power-units, including a 2-litre, six-cylinder Bristol, and less exotic 2.6-litre Ford engines. This was a true sports car for the 1950s, ending the classic era for AC and sports cars in general.


After forking out a fiver, I had to be checked out to make sure I wasn't boring.

Back in the 60s before the disco craze, as youngsters we all turned to the Mecca dance halls for our salvation. In mohair suits we'd cruise the floor, hoping to take a girl home on the bus for a door-step fight with an armour-plated bra

How the girls led me a merry dance on those heady nights at the Palais

Nostalgia by Tom Holborn

When was the last time you actually did it with a girl? I mean, really did it properly. Not off to one side of her, or behind her, or with a whole crowd of other people. I mean just the two of you, bodies entwined, rocking and swaying in an intoxicating rhythm. Come on – own up. Quite a long time, I bet.

What? No – *dancing*! That was what we were talking about, weren't we? Pay attention for goodness sake!

I am asking because the other day I paid my first visit to a dance club in years. The club was called *Loynes* (honest), and achieved a certain notoriety when, for several weeks, a local newspaper ran a quarter-page advertisement saying: 'Enter *Loynes* for the thrill of a lifetime!' before the editor finally spotted it, and insisted that the club re-write the copy. It is now having a long run with a line that owes something to the Windmill Theatre – '*Loynes* – we never close!'

Loynes' entrance stood in a darkened recess between an all-night launderette on one side and a surgical appliance shop (closed) on the other. Someone had gone to a great deal of time and trouble with a matt black aerosol spray on the entrance door of the club to propose certain purely hypothetical theories about an individual named Ray who was apparently renowned in the general neighbourhood for his permanent state of **sexual engorgement. This was supple**mented (in ultramarine blue) by a young lady named Joyce who was prepared to help Roy out of his difficulties anytime he happened to **be in the vicinity of Rhodesia Gardens.**

Almost hidden amongst this totally fascinating jungle of aerosoled local gossip was a small enamelled sign – *Loynes*. From behind the door, George Benson was wondering if she'd ever come back, ever come back, again. The deep bass vibrated the paving stones. I could have fired a bazooka at the door, and no-one inside would have heard it.

I pushed at the door half-heartedly. It didn't budge, but as if by magic a voice croaked apparently from thin air.

'Fiver entrance fee,' it said mysteriously.

I was just beginning to accept the possibilities of a hidden camera and microphone behind the door when a small thin figure detached itself from the darkness, and stretched out a white corpse-like hand.

'A fiver,' he repeated.

'Five pounds!' I rustled a note out of my back pocket. 'Doing your little bit for inflation, eh?'

No reaction to this, he probably thought **inflation was the female answer to cunnilingus. He took the five pound note, and** slipped it into a jacket so voluminous that it might have been made as a bath robe for Orson Welles. As I moved towards the door he held up his other hand. He was really having a heavy time of it tonight.

'Sorry. Boss says I've got to check you're the right type,' he said.

'The right type?' I paused uncertainly. 'What's the right type?'

He shrugged lethargically. 'You know – not boring. The boss don't want no-one boring getting in. Get boring people in, that'll finish it quicker than a gang of skins. Tha's wha' he says anyhow.'

I stared at him for a moment. When he didn't smile, I knew he must be serious.

'You're serious,' I said. 'You're standing here **outside a rotting slum in town, and checking me out in case I'm boring.'**

He shrugged again. 'They do it at *Stringfellows*,' he said.

My incredulity must have given me an air of complex mystery. I was allowed to pass through the door. I wasn't boring. It was all I could do to stop myself clicking my heels in pure elation. YIPPEE!

There was a smell inside of cheap perfume, urine, and decomposed alsatian dog. The music crashed around the narrow passage like a pile of empty dustbins falling down the

cast-iron stairs of the Eiffel Tower. The passage eventually led to a cloakroom where, behind a small counter, a dark-haired girl was methodically pulling up a pair of ribbed navy tights.

She sneered at me as she smoothed down her skirt. ''Ad yer look?' she snarled, and took my coat as if I was passing her a baby's soiled nappy.

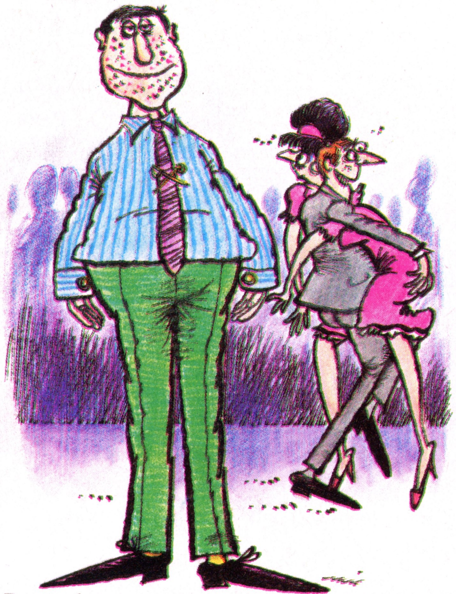
I stumbled out onto the dance floor. Twenty dancers of assorted gender St-Vitused to something plodding and electronic, while a rastafarian disc-jockey dropped records on to constantly spinning turntables with all the heady enthusiasm of a cook in a burger bar. A barman was morosely wiping glasses behind a small corner bar. He stared at me without moving as I slid onto a stool. I felt as if I had walked onto the set of a 1930's 'B' movie. The barman was Elisha Cook, I was Jimmy Cagney. He leans forward, pours me a shot of red-eye, and eyes me speculatively. 'New around here, ain't yuh?' he says.

In fact he didn't say anything of the kind. Not at first. He sighed tetchily, and waddled towards me like a double order of fruit salad. 'Yaise?' he minced.

I raised my eyes ceilingward, then ordered scotch and american – no ice. I sipped it, looking over the brim of the cloth-smeared glass at the dancers, and thought, whatever happened to proper dance halls? I am in my early thirties – not, even by today's standards, very old. But I am a member of the *Palais* generation. In the sixties, all youth turned to *Mecca* for it's salvation. Not, like out friends in the middle-east, for spiritual salvation. I am talking about something much more fundamental and basic and important than pure common-or-garden spiritual salvation. I mean the *Mecca* of the greatest invention since the permissive society – the dance hall.

Without the dance hall in the 1960's, the entire population of Britain would have been celibate until they married, if indeed anyone had found a partner to marry at all. Dance halls introduced more couples to each other than any other form of entertainment. The wonderful thing about the *Palais De Dance*, as they used to be quaintly called (and still are, for all I know – if there are any left), was that unless you were really horrifically ugly, stank like a sewer, and had the early signs of legionaire's disease, you simply couldn't fail to pick up a girl for the night. How many so-called clubs of today can make the same boast? The *Palais* were so packed with young vibrant libidinous youth of both sexes that you could always find your match.

This, as I say, was in the sixties, when the *twist* was still actually taken seriously on the dance floor – at least by the girls. Very few men did modern free dancing in those days, for two reasons. Firstly, the whole *point* of dancing was, after all, to get your hands and your body round the girl, and assess her reaction to the very evidently erect, about-to-explode organ beneath your tonic mohair trousers. Secondly, you were considered a 'prat' if you did. A 'prat' was the forerunner of today's 'wally'. Prats wore emblem tie-pins (crossed swords, or bows and arrows), nylon shirts that put your teeth on edge, and a liberal smear of acne cream on their terrible surface-of-the-moon complexions.



Prats always wore nylon shirts and tie-pins.

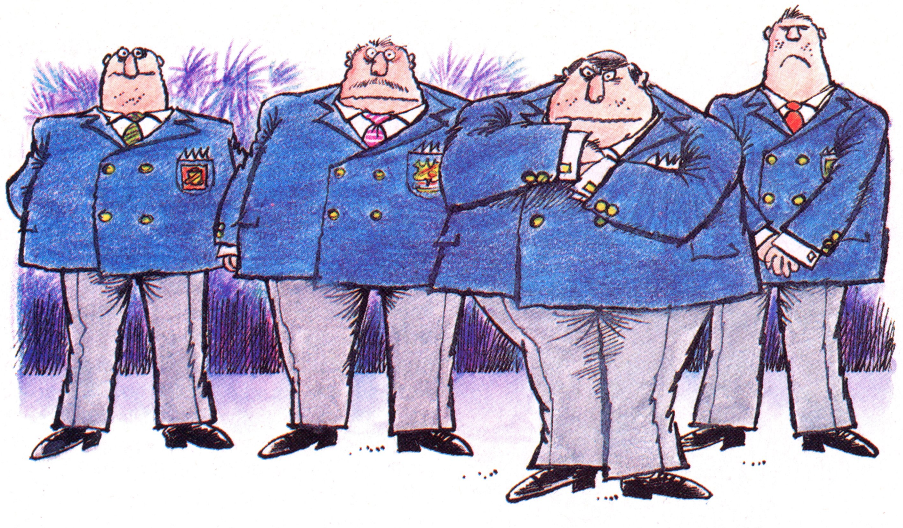
Let us draw an accurate picture of the *Palais* of that era, and their habitées. The halls themselves all favoured a tropical, latin-American decor. This meant plastic pineapples nestling amongst plastic palm fronds above your heads, and even, in some of the more up-market places, balsa wood palm trees. A huge net full of balloons was usually strung from the ceiling. On Saturdays, after the band's last number, it would fall open, and couples who only seconds before were snogging each other into a state of knee-trembling rapture suddenly turned into a mob of balloon-stamping rowdies. The men would all wear suits and ties – indeed, you weren't allowed in without a suit and tie – and if the suit was Italian-cut mohair, audible gasps would greet your arrival. Your hair would be short and neatly brushed in that fussy, long-forgotten way that bespeaks of eight tubes of *Vitalis* and five hours in front of the hall mirror with a horse-groomer. Aftershave was liberally applied, but men hadn't yet learned to accept deodorants. This meant that that lusty smelling, *Old Spice* doused young man of eight o'clock was, after three-and-a-half hours heavy groping on the dance-floor with three hundred others, about as appealing at 11.30 as a Japanese sumo wrestler on his way back to the showers. How women put up with men in those days baffles me.

The girls all wore nice knee-length dresses, stiletto-heeled shoes, and sensible armour-tipped brassières. Their hair looked like an embalmed Samurai helmet. If it touched your cheek as you danced, you felt as if you were dancing with a pan scourer.

Lots of girls didn't drink in those days. This was still near enough the Second World War for girls to be sufficiently brainwashed by their mothers who had personally known the perils of three vodkas and lime, and a randy US airman. Girls sat nervously in the *Palais* bar, knees glued together over a *Pepsi*, *Fanta*, or a *Seven Up*, and watched with nervous foreboding as you downed one mild and bitter after another. That was in the days when you could drink without any worry of being breathalysed, simply because you didn't own a car – no-one owned a car. You took the girl home on the bus, and then you petted each other into a panting sexual frenzy on her front step, until she heard a lavatory flush inside, and you were made to hobble off down the garden path before her old man came down and caught you with the biggest erection in honour of woman since the Taj Mahal. She would creep into the house, and try to get upstairs before Auntie Flo could see the love bites on her neck, and her bra dangling around her waist. Ah, what fun those pre-pill days were!

Another great advantage of the really big dance halls was that you could 'work' a different patch every Saturday night. In the smaller halls, girls soon sorted out the regular punters, out for a different girl every week, and these were always the object of scorn, even if they were good-looking. And the bigger the hall, the more chance you had of getting the girl away from her mates. Girls were fiercely loyal to their friends in those days. If they came with a group of friends, they had to go home with them. It was not unknown for a young man to have to take home seven or eight girls on the bus (he

The girls' hair looked like embalmed Samurai helmets, and felt like pan scourers.



Three times as wide as any normal man, the Palais bouncers would dress with almost feminine care.

usually had to pay their fares too, and endure the inevitable derisory comments) simply to stay with the girl he had chosen.

Occasionally, very, very rarely, once you had managed to split the girl from her friends, you were invited in for 'coffee'. If you were lucky, this could sometimes turn out to be a more comfortable, and usually advanced, version of the sexual frenzy normally confined to the front step, only on the front room sofa (with both of you listening for the jingle of the gate, and the crunch of garden path gravel). Or sometimes, much to your disgust, it could really *be* coffee, with mum and dad and nan, and Iris from next door, and the elder brother Mike, all sitting there with 'just you dare touch her' eyes.

The habitual *Palais*-goer soon hankered after more forbidden fruits, and often found them in an event, usually held on Tuesday or Wednesday nights, known as 'Over-25 Night'. When you are 19 years old, anyone over 25 has already got one foot in the grave. The over-25 nights were started when the *Palais* owners realised that the ever-increasing youth of the 1960's was crowding out the older, more sophisticated market. One night a week was reserved for the over-25 man to meet the over-25 girl in an atmosphere of refined, genteel maturity. Instead of *The Locomotion* and Chris Montez bawling *Let's Dance*, the over-25s shuffled around the floor to Perry Como singing about a falling star, and Andy Williams confessing that, like most of the men dancing, he was 'almost there'.

It soon became the thing to see if you could be taken for an 'over-25', and see how the older-half lived. Entry was strictly monitored by bouncers on the door. *Palais* bouncers were at that time a breed apart – in fact, it was generally believed that they were specially bred for the part, somewhere in Camberwell. They were always exactly five feet ten, and three times as wide as any normal man, dressed with almost feminine care in smart blue blazers with obscure badges on the breast pocket, grey flannels, and shoes polished half to death. With faces that had apparently been used by Floyd Patterson to practice on, they could make any *genuine* over-25-year-old act like a guilty child molester. They turned the *under* 25 interloper into a quivering heap of Bird's Instant Whip.

Once in, you spent the first hour convinced that everyone was looking at you as if you were wearing short trousers and a striped pimple cap. After a few throat raspers in the bar (the bar you thought you knew so well, but which on over-25 night had somehow been transformed into a strangely select place, full of adults) you felt ready to tackle the great summit in any young man's life – the older woman.

In the 1960's, young women of 25 dressed like women of 45 do today. The accent was on glacial Grace Kelly-type sophistication. This was the period when the little black cocktail dress was an essential part of a young woman's wardrobe. Busts were very much in fashion, and brassières were masterpieces of modern architecture, scaffolding even the most modestly-endowed girl into a Venutian heart-stopper. Hair, if worn 'up', was pinned and sprayed into a clump of impenetrable graphite.

The technique of picking up an 'older woman' was totally different to the one you used for picking up the normal Saturday night crowd. Without actually coming straight out and admitting it, you had to give the girl (or 'older woman', I should say – she would, of course, be a venerable twenty six!) the impression that you had an Aston Martin DB4 double-parked outside. You had to be quick with the cigarette lighter, and not try any funny business on the dance-floor. In other words, you had to act like a man, preferably Rock Hudson. If you were convincing enough, and managed to get permission to take her home, you had to go into a performance worthy of Gielgud when, once outside, turning the corner jingling the loose change in your pockets (car keys), you found – bloody hell! – somebody had pinched your car! Admittedly, this almost never worked, girls and 'older women' not being, despite popular belief, quite as dense as all that.

'Older women' always invited you in for coffee. They usually shared a flat with two other girls who would always still be up, watching *Wagon Train* in their nighties while they painted their toe-nails. These two girls would never go to bed, even when the man at the BBC had firmly told them to turn their television off. Once you had groaned through your seventh cup of coffee, there was usually nothing else for it but to suddenly look at your watch – 'Gosh, look at the . . . ' and slink dejectedly towards the front door. This was all a female plot, of course. All girls rotated their evenings 'in' in this way, to protect the virtue of their friends. To really finish off the evening, the 'older woman' would probably give you a kiss at the door that conjured up steamy possibilities of what might have been, if only her sodding friends had gone to bed. Knees literally shaking, your right hand still cupped in the all-too-briefly felt shape of a 36B under a lambswool sweater, you would stumble along the street just in time to see the blazing lights of the last bus home move off without you. There would always be another night, and another girl.

What do young people do today? Where is the adventure of yesteryear? Every young man has a car, and on a first date a girl is considered somewhat prim if she makes a man wait until they get home to make love. Well, perhaps I *am* getting old. Sitting there, at the bar in *Loynes*, watching a very tall, very thin girl dance with her reflection in a mirror, dressed in a baggy T-shirt with 'Life Sucks!' printed over the small Matterhorns of her breasts, it was very easy to be suddenly whisked back in time to the *Tropicano*, or the *Rio Ballroom*, or the *Mistral Soirée*, and to remember the extraordinary intimacy of asking a total stranger to dance. Beneath the plastic fronds, your body sent urgent messages to your brain as you took this total stranger in your arms. Perfume, hair lacquer, the hard buckle of her bra through her thin dress, one of her hands on your shoulder, the other in your perspiring hand – bodies briefly touching, and now the moment of truth. If she stiffens, pulls away, that's it. Finish the dance, take her back to her friends, then try the other side of the hall. But if she keeps her body close – ah, then what a thrill that was. Oh yes, I remember the *Palais de Dance*. I came there, often.

As she danced I fondly recalled the Palais *era.*

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

The village idiot was calling around the local cottages, seeing if there were any jobs he could do. He called at one house where an elderly lady asked if he could cut her lawn. This he did, and the little old lady was so grateful she gave him a pound, and told her neighbours what a good job he had done. A little later, he called an another house, and asked them if there was anything he could do.
'Yes, you can walk my dog,' replied the lady of the house. When he returned, the dog was wagging its tail happily, and again the owner was pleased. She gave him £2, and also told her neighbours what a good job he'd done.
So when he turned up at the door of the Squire's house, he was greeted by her Ladyship with open arms.
'My dear man,' she cried, 'I hear you are doing excellent work. Would you be so kind as to whitewash my porch, but be careful, and don't get any on the windows.'
'Certainly, ma'am,' replied the yokel.
A hour later, he knocked on the door again, obviously proud of his work.
'I've finished, ma'am,' he beamed. 'And not a speck of whitewash on the windows.'
'My good man,' said her ladyship, reaching for her purse.
'Mind you, my lady, I must say you don't know much about cars,' he added. 'That ain't a Porsche, that's a Mercedes.'

How do you get three prostitutes on a milking stool?
Turn it upside down.

'Tell me, Helen,' asked one old lady of another, 'is your husband still a consistent performer in bed.'
'Oh yes,' came the reply. 'Weak in, weak out.'

The young couple were enjoying the perfect honeymoon in Venice. The weather had been warm and sunny, the hotel service had been superb, but, best of all, their lovemaking had been tender, loving and long.
That morning the couple had been walking beside Grand Canal, arm in arm, kissing and stopping occasionally to stare into each other's eyes. Then they found a secluded spot, and lay down. Slowly, the husband began to unbutton his new wife's dress, running his hand along the curves of her body. She responded by undoing his shirt, rubbing his chest, and reaching for his trousers. Then in the warm Italian sun they made love, slowly but passionately, revelling in each other. Just to make it perfect, as they climaxed, romantic music wafted from across the canal. They lay back satisfied and happy, and the girl turned to her husband and said, 'Oh, Peter, that was lovely, and the music is beautiful. Tell me what is it?'
'It's a tune from *The Gondoliers*,' he replied.
'Oh what a co-incidence,' smiled his wife. 'That's what my doctor said I had.'

A young lady walked into a record shop.
'Excuse me,' she asked the lad behind the counter, 'Have you got *Bells that Jingle Jangle* on a ten inch?'
'No,' replied the assistant, 'but I've got balls that dingle dangle on a six inch.'
'That's not a record,' replied the lady indignantly.
'Maybe not,' he said,' but it's not bad for a kid of sixteen.'

Walking past his parents' bedroom, little Jimmy, saw his father lying naked on the bed with his penis sticking up in the air. Having watched Mummy pruning in the garden, he took a pair of scissors, and snipped it off. Proudly he took it to his mother. Naturally, she was horified, telling him he'd ruined Daddy for life.
'No, it's alright, it'll grow again,' replied Jimmy confidently. 'I left the bulbs in.'

Standing at the bar, George suddenly noticed a man of rather unusual proportions. He was six feet tall, broad, but had a head no bigger than that of a child's doll. Curious about him, George went over.
'Er, excuse me,' he said, 'but I couldn't help noticing –'
'I know, I know,' said the man, 'you're wondering how I got this way. Well I'll tell you. It was my own stupid fault. I was walking along the beach a couple of days ago when I noticed this strange shaped bottle sticking out of the sand. I thought it would make a nice ornament, so I dug it up, and as I wiped the sand off it, a genie appeared. It wasn't the usual sort of genie though, but a beautiful naked blonde, who smiled at me and said, "I am the genie of the bottle, and after all this time you have freed me. For that I shall reward you with one wish." Well, I was taken aback. What could I ask for? Then, I looked again at her stunning figure and in particular those lovely red pouting lips of hers, and said, "I suppose you couldn't give me a little head."'

A stunning young nympho called Jill,
Tried a dynamite stick for a thrill.
They found her vagina
In South Carolina,
And bits of her tits in Brazil.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final

QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Sixteen

Sexual attraction can be so strong that we are willing sometimes to satisfy it even if this means betraying a friend or relative. This month we meet three girls who've played 'Judas'

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

BANK CLERK, 26 years old, blonde, town of origin, Norwich

This, female, interviewee, left school at 18 and trained as a bank clerk. She is single and lives in her own flat.

Quest: How would you describe your sex life?

Clerk: I should think it's like many other people's, adequate but not exciting.

Quest: You find sex boring?

Clerk: No, I didn't say that. I don't want to come over as a weirdo or anything. I enjoy sex very much, but it has never really lived up to my expectations.

Quest: You mean your lovers have not been able to satisfy you?

Clerk: Oh yes, well, some of them. It is difficult to put into words, but all the guys I've been out with have been very nice and everything, but not exciting. Perhaps that's my problem, they've all been too nice, too considerate, even in bed. I've always had a feeling there was something missing.

Quest: And you found it with Dave?

Clerk: Oh no, don't get me feeling guilty all over again. I'd managed to put it out of my mind for some time. I feel rotten every time I think of Dave,

Quest: Is that all you feel?

Clerk: No, to tell the truth I get very excited just thinking about what happened between us, even if I did do the dirty on Elaine.

Quest: She was Dave's fiancée?

Clerk: Yes. And what's more important, she was my friend. She isn't now, of course. I can't say that I blame her as I did act very badly. I feel like a real Judas, betraying her.

Quest: But it takes two to tango, if you get what I mean.

Clerk: Yes, but I made all the running. Dave was just the unwitting victim. My best friend's fiancé, and I seduced him out of sheer lust. That's what it was. After Elaine told me all those things about him, I really wanted him to make love to me, and when the opportunity came along I grabbed it.

Quest: What was it that he did to attract you so strongly?

Clerk: It's what he did to Elaine that attracted me. As I've said, all my life I've gone out with nice guys, gentlemen even in bed. But from what Elaine told me, Dave

was just the opposite, and it fascinated me. In fact I became quite obsessive about it. I kept imagining how exciting it would be to go to bed with him. He seemed so different from all the guys I'd known.
Quest: What excited you about him?
Clerk: Well, Elaine and I have known each other for years. We started at the same bank on the same day, so we just sort of palled up. Anyway, over the years we became like sisters, always confiding in each other about boyfriends and so on.
Quest: Where does Dave come in?
Clerk: I'm coming to that. Elaine was a keen squash player, and at her club she met Dave. She really fancied him, and that's why I took up squash, to keep her company. She used to drag me along. Eventually Dave noticed Elaine, chatted her up, and they started going out together. Everything seemed fine, until I had to go and spoil it.
Quest: So Elaine told you all about Dave, and you became attracted to him?
Clerk: Obsessed is more the word. It was the way he acted in bed that thrilled me. Elaine and I were very open with each other, and one day she complained to me that he was always very dominant in bed, rough, and always made her kneel with her bottom in the air while he took her from behind. I'd never met anyone like that.
Quest: And just when did you decide you had to try the same treatment?
Clerk: After one particular incident Elaine was moaning to me, and she went into great detail. I must admit I was prompting her really because it turned me on so much. I'd never experienced anything like it, and I wanted to know all the details. I pretended to sympathise, but all the while I was thinking, I wish it had been me.
Quest: What went on exactly?
Clerk: According to Elaine they'd been to a party and came home a bit happy. Elaine said that drink always made Dave randy, and when they got home he just unzipped himself in the middle of the living room, and told Elaine to take him in her mouth.
Quest: Did she?
Clerk: No. According to her she told him she wasn't just a sex toy. That made him angry, so he tried to force her, but she wouldn't. Then he just pushed her onto the sofa, ripped off her pants and took her then and there.
Quest: You mean he raped her?
Clerk: Oh no, I don't want him to sound like an animal. He's just very dominant. Elaine said if she had objected he wouldn't have done it. She enjoyed sex like that, but her complaint was that it was always like that. And the damage done to her clothing annoyed her.
Quest: Damage?
Clerk: Yes. She was wearing a tight skirt which Dave ripped along the seam when he'd bent her over the sofa. And her knickers as well. She said they were expensive silk ones. He just ripped them off with one hand while he was rubbing her with the other. He worked on her little man in the boat until she was wet, and then just slipped right into her. No foreplay or anything. There she was, kneeling on the sofa with her bottom all exposed to him while he was pumping in and out. Then she said that when he was about to come he pulled out of her and spurted all over her bottom.
Quest: It can't have been satisfying for her.
Clerk: No, sometimes she enjoyed it, but she said Dave was basically a selfish lover. He used her.
Quest: And that appealed to you, being used?
Clerk: Yes. I wanted to be totally dominated by a man, to be helpless under him while he used me for his own pleasure. And the more I thought about what had happened to Elaine that night, the more I wanted it to happen to me. I used to masturbate in bed thinking about it.
Quest: So you actually decided you would get Dave into bed?
Clerk: Yes. I hadn't really worked out a plan, but I didn't need to, the opportunity came my way when Elaine got the flu. She was at home in bed, and Dave came along to the club on his own.

‘I feel guilty about it now but I was a real flirt, bending so he could see my bottom through my pants’

Quest: So you didn't have any conscience about seducing your best friend's fiancé?
Clerk: Yes, I did feel mean. But I had no idea of the remorse I'd feel after. I was so excited at the thought of what might happen between Dave and myself that I put it out of my mind. Of course afterwards what I'd done really hit me. I'd ruined my friendship with Elaine, and her relationship with Dave. I still burn with shame whenever I think of it. And the excitement I feel makes me feel even more guilty.
Quest: So you struck that night when Elaine had the flu?
Clerk: Yes. I wangled it so Dave and I played together. Then when we were on the court I openly flirted with him, bending down to pick up the ball so he could see my bottom through my knickers, laughing and giggling, touching his arm. You know, all the little ways a girl lets a guy know she is available.
Quest: Dave took the hint?
Clerk: Oh yes. I have quite a trim figure, even if I say so myself. And whenever I knew Dave would be at the club I always wore my flimsiest white pants. They don't hide much. Whenever I bent down and showed him my bottom, I could feel his eyes on me, and I began to feel quite excited as I imagined him ripping them off and plunging into me.
Quest: And did he?
Clerk: Yes, but not on the court, of course. I pretended my car wasn't working properly, and asked him to give me a lift home after the game. He was more than willing, and from the way he was smiling I knew he'd taken the hint. When we got to my place I asked him in for coffee. I was walking around the flat picking things up off the floor, and bending over so he could see up my skirt. It was fairly short, and when I bent over I knew he could almost see my panties.
Quest: Did he rip them off?
Clerk: And how. I was leaning over a chair straightening the cushions when I felt him pressing up against me. He put his arms around me from behind, and began biting me gently on the back of the neck. I love having my neck tickled, and I began to get very turned on. I pushed my bottom back and began rubbing it against his crotch. I could feel how hard he was through his trousers. His hands moved from my waist up to my boobs, sliding under my jumper and cupping them. My boobs are firm so I've never had to wear a bra, and I was thankful for that as he began to tease my nipples until they were hard as buttons. He was rolling them between his forefinger and thumb, and rubbing his bulge against me.
Quest: What did you do?
Clerk: I was feeling more and more aroused, and I felt myself getting very damp down there. I wanted his cock inside me, and I wanted it then and there, so I just said, stick it in me, or something like that.
Quest: Did he?
Clerk: Oh, yes. He pushed me forwards across the chair, lifted my skirt up, and with one hand just ripped off my pants. I felt so aroused I hardly knew what was happening, the anticipation was unbearable. Then I felt him, or heard him, rather. I heard his zip go, and the next moment I felt a hard burning sensation as he thrust it into me. I was already soaking wet so he didn't have any difficulty. He just slipped it in all the way, filling me, and making me gasp with surprise and pleasure. All my imaginings had never come up to the reality, that wonderful feeling of being possessed by a man, being there just for his pleasure. He began to pull out and thrust back into me, sliding his whole length into me until I thought I couldn't take any more, then pulling out again. He felt so hot and hard and enormous.
Quest: Did you climax?
Clerk: I should say so. I knew Dave was beginning to reach a climax from the way his strokes got harder and faster. Then he began stroking my bottom, running his hands all over, and down between the cheeks. Nobody had ever touched me there before, and I was imagining what I looked like, helpless, bottom up in the air while he pumped into me. I began to lose control, then I went over the top when I felt him gush into me, hot and powerful, shooting deep inside me. I'd never reached a climax like that before or since.

But this bloody guilt has been preying on my mind ever since.
Quest: Did Elaine find out?
Clerk: Yes, Dave told her, or rather she wormed it out of him. After we'd calmed down we were both a bit ashamed of ourselves so he went home quite quickly. Two days later Elaine phoned me, screamed down the phone for a while, and told me she never wanted to see me again. I laid low for a while, but later found out through a mutual friend that she and Dave had split up. I've left the squash club now, so I don't see either of them. I know I must come across as a rotten bitch, but if it's any consolation to Elaine, my conscience has been giving me hell.
Quest: Thank you very much.

INTERVIEW - 3

HOUSEWIFE, 26 years old, blonde, town of origin Deal

This interviewee, a graduate of a redbrick university, until she left work to have a baby, was employed as a receptionist to a doctor's surgery. She has been married three years.

Quest: Is there anything you have regretted in your sex life?
Housewife: Specifically, no. I've never regretted having sex, or pleasing my partner. But if you're talking more about ethics in sex, then yes, there has been something which I'm not greatly happy about. You do things, say things, to friends at times, that you wish later would just go away.
Quest: You are embarrassed?
Housewife: Embarrassed yes. But more guilty. Guilty for breaking a confidence. Betraying a friend.
Quest: Over sex?
Housewife: Yes. If allowed to continue it could have broken up two marriages.
Quest: So are you guilty that you nearly broke up two marriages, or is it because you betrayed someone's trust?
Housewife: The marriages didn't break up, thank God, so that's not so bad, but Jenny was a good friend and drinking partner, a confidant. She could have been my best friend.
Quest: So what went wrong?
Housewife: Do you want to know?
Quest: Please.
Housewife: When Doug and I got married we had saved up enough money to put a deposit down on this house. Jenny and Ian lived two doors down. We met each other shortly after we'd moved in when she came round to introduce herself. And over the next few months we saw quite a bit of one another. Coffee mornings, you know.
Quest: Weren't you working then?
Housewife: Yes, but I only worked four hours a day, from two till six. Doug used to have these wild ideas that whenever girls got together we'd talk about sex. Which is not true. Or wasn't to start with. It was well after a year before the subject came up.
Quest: And what was that?
Housewife: Oh, I think we were having a moan about men in general, and something I said Jenny picked up on.
Quest: What was it?
Housewife: It was innocent really. We'd got round to talking about sex, and I'd said that it wasn't all it was cracked up to be. That we only did it for the men, not for ourselves.
Quest: Is that what you felt?
Housewife: In a way it was. Douglas and I

> 'She told me that they had an open marriage, so I took advantage. I wanted to see his erection for myself'

had been having sex together for five years then. I suppose we were a bit stale.
Quest: And you conveyed that to Jenny?
Housewife: Not so explicitly to start with, but yes in the general sense. I suppose that the sex with Douglas has had its ups and downs, and I don't mean that to be a pun. It wasn't so good to start with, as we were so young, bull at a gate, and all that. It was difficult as we were both still at home. And when the opportunities did come up we had to grab them, and we were in such a pent-up state that it was always over so quickly. When we were married we learned, about oral sex, and other things, and sex became a real pleasure, but after a while, I don't know, it seemed to slip back into a routine.
Quest: But a confidence your friend revealed to you, changed that?
Housewife: Gee, thanks a lot! You're not that diplomatic are you?
Quest: Sorry. Go on.
Housewife: Jenny confided in me that she didn't get that much from sex at times either, because she found it painful. It didn't really register with me to ask why, I thought she was unhappy because she was pregnant. But a few days later, I was round at her place, and we opened a bottle of wine, and sat round her kitchen table, and slowly got tipsy. After a while I asked her if she was feeling any better. She laughed out loud. 'I haven't been unwell,' she said. 'No, I mean about your problem,' I said. 'You know you mentioned it the other day, down below.' Jenny almost gagged on her wine, spluttering it out. 'There's nothing wrong,' she said. 'If there's a problem, it's with Ian.' 'Whatever do you mean?' I asked her. She told me that often when they made love it hurt because she was quite small down there, and . . . well, he was more than averagely endowed. 'He can't be that big,' I said. 'You'd be surprised,' Jenny said. Anyway we had a few more drinks, and then Jenny said something quite amazing.
Quest: And that was?
Housewife: She asked if I'd like to see a snapshot of Ian. I told her that she'd already shown me the family album before. 'Not these ones,' she said. She got up, and went upstairs, and came down with a couple of Polaroid-type photos.
Quest: Of Ian nude?
Housewife: Not only nude, but with the most enormous erection I'd seen; much longer and thicker than Douglas.
Quest: And it intrigued you?
Housewife: Yes. I'm not a nymphomaniac or anything, but I couldn't help it. I wondered if such a penis would hurt *me* as well. I couldn't imagine taking it inside me. Then Jenny dropped another bombshell.
Quest: And that was?
Housewife: She confided, again in that sort of tipsy nonchalance that we all get before getting drunk, that Ian and she had a sort of open marriage; that over the years they'd each had other partners, and that as long as the other partner wasn't compromised by the relationships, then they turned a blind eye.
Quest: You used the information she'd given you to have sex with Ian?
Housewife: If you look at it coldly I suppose, yes. But it wasn't an instant decision.
Quest: What was it then?
Housewife: It was gradual. One night Douglas and I had gone to bed, and he was making love to me, and I started imagining him being bigger, wondering what it would feel like. Over the next few weeks it became almost an obsession, thinking about it, what it was like to be absolutely filled with a big cock. In fact, that's half the fun of it isn't it, the wondering?
Quest: So how did you go about finding out?
Housewife: A set of circumstances came up, and I took them. I used to even get excited rehearsing how things would go. Douglas was posted up to Swindon for a three-week job working out a system for this big company switching over to computer stock control. It meant that he stayed in a hotel there during the week, and only came home on Friday nights, returning on the Sunday evening. And just about then Jenny, who was pregnant went into hospital to have the baby. She had to stay in for about a week, I think it was. So, after Ian had returned home one night from visiting her in hospital, I took a bottle of champagne round.
Quest: Was he surprised?
Housewife: I should say so. I wasn't expected. But I'd made the effort to look my best. Make-up, silk stockings, the lot. I told him I'd been intending to go out for a dinner party, but that it had had to be called off at the last minute. I suggested that we had a drink to wet the baby's head.
Quest: Was the situation awkward at all?
Housewife: Oh no. I knew Ian relatively well. We had a glass each, and sat talking. Another glass, and we were much more relaxed. I was wearing a wrap-round skirt, and at one point I kicked off my shoes, and pulled my feet up, so I could lie on them on

the sofa, and in doing so, my skirt opened deliberately to show him what I had on.

Quest: Did it have the desired effect?

Housewife: He noticed surely. But he didn't leap on me. So next was phase two – an excuse to bend down so he could see my deep cleavage a bit better. Sounds awful now, like an old slut. At the time though it was all methodical in my head. But even then, I could feel my heart pounding, and the blood rushing through my head. Ian was not slow, and came and sat next to me to fill my glass, and as I reached out, I touched him on the crotch, and I could tell it was all real. He looked quite embarrassed.

Quest: About his erection?

Housewife: Yes. And, of course, having noticed it now, it made it worse. 'Christ,' he said, 'this is so embarrassing,' he said. 'It's all right, I've seen one before,' I said. 'In fact, I've seen yours before. And you've nothing to be ashamed of.' 'Jenny, that bitch, showed you those pictures of me,' he said. Then I knew I'd blown any semblance of pretending that the night had been spontaneous. So I had to quickly decide whether to plunge right in, or backtrack.

Quest: You chose the former?

Housewife: Yes. I let my hand stray on his lap again, and gently rubbed him. 'I can't,' he said. 'It's wrong.' 'Don't worry,' I said, 'no one will know.' And with that we were kissing. Simple as that. The next thing was that his hands were round me, massaging my breasts, through my clothes. I felt my nipples swell under his hand. I undid the zip on his trousers, as I couldn't wait to see him. I couldn't believe it when I saw it for the first time in person, so to speak. If anything it seemed even bigger than the pictures. I began rubbing him up and down. I've never been one for oral sex much, but I wanted to taste him, to have him fill my mouth as well. It was the dirtiest thing I could think of to do. At close up, he looked out of proportion. I moved the tip into my mouth, and ran my tongue round the end, and gradually worked down the shaft so more and more was in my mouth. Eventually I couldn't take any more as I was gagging; I needed to come up for air. Ian was inside my panties, playing at me, running his fingers along the crack, but it wasn't what I wanted. I was practically fainting as it was with the sheer excitement I'd worked myself into. I let him work away with his fingers, and I began to moan until he brought me off. After I'd recovered I stood up and removed my panties, and got Ian to lie on the floor while I lowered myself onto him. It was an amazing feeling, really, looking down, holding myself open for him. When the tip of his knob was just inside, before he'd even done anything, I felt another orgasm coming so I lowered myself very carefully onto him until he was inside me fully. But I couldn't move I was so excited. Then he began to move backwards and forwards thrusing a little deeper with each stroke. It was a weird, lovely feeling being completely filled like that. As he built up speed I came and came and came. I lost track, and must have blacked out, because the next thing I remember was this mighty thrust which made me cry with pain, and I felt this enormous explosion inside me, all warm and wet.

Quest: Did you have sex again?

Housewife: We did it again later – I stayed the night. But after the experience, there was nothing in the relationship to carry it on.

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 2

BUILDING SOCIETY COUNTER CLERK, 22 years old, brunette, town of origin Great Yarmouth

The interviewee left school at 18, and worked as a temp before attaining her present position. She is single, and lives alone in a rented flat.

Quest: I understand you have had a lot of problems with boyfriends lately?

Counter clerk: I haven't had the problems. All I did was lose one boyfriend and find another. It's the effect that it has had on the family. One half isn't talking to the other.

Quest: How come?

Counter clerk: It's my older sister. She reckons I've betrayed her, pinched her man if you like, and my father agrees. I think that's rather an old fashioned attitude, nobody belongs to anyone. He happened to fancy me more. At least Mum's on my side.

Quest: So how did it happen?

Counter clerk: It was all about a month ago – it seems years now, what with all the fuss – just after I split up with Rick the Dick.

Quest: Who?

Counter clerk: My previous boyfriend. It was a nickname I gave him. He really fancied himself, and expected all the chicks to come running, you know, the open shirt and medallion type. Well, I fell for it. He was extremely good looking. Tall, fair haired with a lovely body, very slim, and he always wore these tight trousers that, well, showed him off. He really was the stereotype smoothy, right down to the Porsche, which I later discovered he only borrowed for his nights out as a 'bird puller'. But he fooled me. A couple of dances at the disco, a slow number with his hand creeping up my skirt, and what I now recognise as all the old chat-up lines whispered in my ear, and I was whisked away in the borrowed Porsche to his flat.

Quest: Where you had sex?

Counter clerk: It would be better to say, *he* did. After groping on the sofa, he pulled down my jeans, stuck himself up me, and in three strokes it was over. He masturbated inside me, if you like. Then he lavished drinks on me, and said how beautiful I was.

Quest: Yet you went out with him several times after that.

Counter clerk: Yes, I always thought he might improve, and remember he was very good looking. But his performance in bed was awful. After a time I grew tired of the slick restaurants, nightclubs and lack of satisfaction, and told him to find someone else. He did without any problem. Anyway it was just after this that Diana, my sister, suggested we go for a drink and a chat, just the two of us. And we did, having a great time joking about Rick's awful behaviour. Then Graham walked in.

Quest: Graham?

Counter clerk: Diana's boyfriend. I was a bit peeved actually. I didn't want to wind up a gooseberry. After Rick that was the last thing I needed. But he sat quietly, drinking his wine, while we gossipped.

Quest: What was Graham like?

Counter clerk: The total opposite to Rick. Rather shy and thoughtful. You could tell he didn't have a Porsche waiting outside. But I didn't get to know anything about him really until he went to get us another bottle, and Diana told me.

Quest: What did she say?

Counter clerk: She was a bit drunk by then, and she asked me what I thought about him. You could tell she was quite proud of him. Diana was always regarded as the plainer one in the family, and I think she wanted to show off. Then she said, 'But he does have one problem,' and started giggling. 'Really,' I said, 'you don't mean that he hasn't got a –' 'Oh no, that's quite satisfactory,' she said. 'But he does have this thing about feet.' Being a bit sozzled, we both giggled madly. 'Feet!' I repeated, roaring with laughter. 'Yes,' she said, 'he really loves them.' I laughed again, then we tried to keep straight faces as he returned with the wine. 'You've been talking about me, I can tell,' he joked. Diana and I looked at one another, and tried not to laugh. It was all fun at the time, I didn't think that it would get so serious.

Quest: Why, what happened?

Counter clerk: We went back to Diana's flat for coffee, before I was supposed to get the last bus home. Without thinking about the previous conversation, I kicked off my shoes, and started stretching my toes. Suddenly I was aware that Graham was staring at them. Diana noticed and said, 'Now you've done it. You'll never get rid of him now.' It was a joke but turned out to be very true. He just kept staring at them as my toes wriggled in the stockings, and then when Diana left the room to get the coffee he said, 'They look tired, let me rub them for you.' Quite innocently, I agreed.

Quest: What happened?

Counter clerk: He massaged my toes through my stockings then caressed the whole of my foot. It was a delicious feeling. Then he did the same with the other, expertly rubbing the soles of my feet, then lifted it to his mouth. To my surprise, he then put his lips around my toes, stockings and all, and began sucking and kissing. I could see from his face, and other bits, that it was really turning him on, and to my surprise it was

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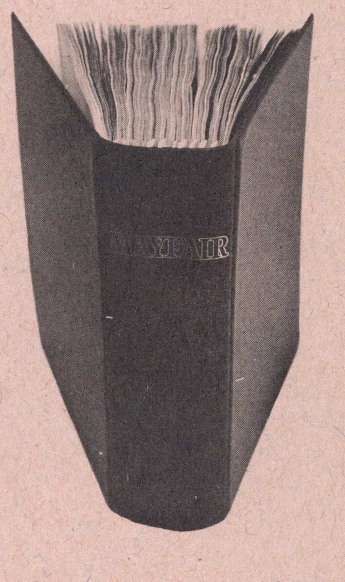

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doing the same for me. Then Diana walked in.

Quest: What did she say?

Counter clerk: She treated it as a joke, and came and sat down. But once you start to get excited it's very difficult to stop isn't it? And Graham and I just sat there staring. Eventually Diana said she was going to bed, and Graham got up. 'No you stay if you want,' she said quite happily. I think she thought that I would warm up Graham for her, and then he would come to bed with her. But it didn't work like that. Instead, Graham carried on where he left off. This time licking my feet as his hands ran up to my knees. I wasn't dressed to turn anyone on, but by chance I was wearing this short black leather skirt, which had ridden up my thighs, so his hands could run all the way up my legs. It was a fantastic sensation, just feeling someone caress me like that. Then I felt his hand creep inside my skirt, reaching the gap between my stocking tops and my knickers. I always wear stockings in summer, they are much cooler, and I was glad I did as he slowly began to roll them down my legs. He was so gentle. Then as they reached my feet, he pulled them off, and began kissing my feet all over again. It tickled like mad, but as his lips moved up my bare legs, I turned to jelly inside. I had no thoughts of who he was, just that I was being turned on for the first time in ages. By the time he reached my thighs, my knickers were soaking, and when his fingers edged inside my skirt to pull them down I was in a trance. I just lay back, eyes closed, feeling that tongue worm slowly nearer and nearer my pussy. Then I felt it on my fanny lips, and I knew when he pushed it inside I would just explode. It only took a couple of laps of my clit, and I orgasmed like I never had before. I was thoroughly satisfied, and without one single grope of my boobs, a french kiss or a glimpse of his thingy. After that, we just lay together on the carpet, then slept in each other's arms.

Quest: What did Diana say next morning?

Counter clerk: She was furious – with me! I hadn't started it. She accused me on betraying her trust, leading him on, all sorts of things. It was very unfair.

Quest: But you didn't stop him, even though you knew he was your sister's boyfriend.

Counter clerk: No but –

Quest: And then from what I understand of the story you made it worse. Instead of just letting it pass, you invited him out with the intention of getting him into bed, even though you knew your sister was upset.

Counter clerk: Hold on, if you're taking sides you can turn that bloody thing off, and we'll forget the whole interview. All I did was ring him up to say how much I had enjoyed it. It was him who said that it was nice to have a girl who appreciated his massaging, and that Diana didn't. All I said was he could massage my feet anytime.

Quest: That's not quite true, is it? As I understand you actually named a day.

Counter clerk: So? What if I did? OK. I suppose you could say that I pinched Graham from under Diana's nose, but he had turned me on like nobody had in years. I wanted him again, and I had to have him. All's fair in love, you know. Diana may not be as pretty as me, but she can fend for herself.

Quest: Alright. So what happened when you went out with Graham?

Counter clerk: It was fabulous. No noisy discos we had a great meal in a quiet restaurant, and then went back to his flat. It was really tasteful, with a huge squashy sofa which we just fell into. Knowing how he felt about my feet, I had gone all out to excite him. I was wearing a pair of my strappiest high heels, and had painted my toes a deep red. My legs were bare and I'd chosen another short skirt, this time a bit fuller so there was more room to move. On top I wore a clinging tee-shirt which really showed off my boobs, they're normally the first thing men go for, being a bit on the large side. Finally I chose my lipstick and nail varnish to match my toes. I knew he'd love that, and I was right. As soon as we sat down he swung my legs onto his lap, and began to undo my shoes. Already he was kissing my big toe and sending shivers up me. Then he took each toe in turn and popped them into his mouth sucking and exploring with his tongue, then his hands began creeping up from my ankle. He carried on sucking and licking my feet for what seemed like ages before again I felt his lips moving up my legs. His hot breath got nearer and nearer my fanny, and as I squeezed my legs together I felt a delicious wetness between them. This time though I wanted him to see all of me, so agonising though it was, I led him past my fanny to kiss my tummy, lifting up the teeshirt for him as he went. When he reached the underside of my boobs, and I felt his lips gently touch them, I almost swooned away. I was letting out little moaning noises now, as he gave each of my nipples the same tongue massage that my toes had received. They soon popped up in response as he teased them, and passed on upwards. I pulled off the tee-shirt completely, as he nibbled at my neck and ears, his hands cupping my breasts. Then he reached my mouth, and his tongue pushed between my lips for a deep kiss.

Quest: What did you do?

Counter clerk: I had just been lying back enjoying it but when he kissed me, I let my hands stray to his zip, and slowly pulled him out. He was erect. Graham is no well-hung stallion, but I don't really go for big cocks. Men with big dicks usually know it, and care about nothing else. Getting it out made his kissing more intense, and his hands slowly reached up my skirt, and pulled at the elastic of my panties. He eased them down, and I pushed his dick into my pubes to let him know how wet and ready I was. Tantalisingly he slid it towards my pussy lips. Then with the most delicious movement he slid into me. He has the gentlest yet most exciting stroke I have ever experienced. He just eased it in and out for ages letting me enjoy the sensation. How he held back I don't know. Then his pace gathered, and my body arched as we both rushed towards a climax. And even that seemed to linger. I knew it was going to be the start of a beautiful relationship, even if it did mean 'pinching' him off my sister. She'll get over losing him, but I'll never get over meeting him.

Quest: Thank you.

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